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Vol. CXLIX No. 1942 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — APRIL 10 1937

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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, April 10, 1937

The Princesses Attend the Children's Coronation Concert

Receiving Bouquets on Arrival at the Central Hall, Westminster, last Tuesday Morning

Princess Elizabeth, who will be celebrating her eleventh birthday in a few days' time, and Princess Margaret Rose were taken by the Queen last Tuesday to the first of the Coronation Concerts for Children held at the Central Hall, Westminster, where they were received by Mr. Robert Mayer (the organiser), Mrs. Mayer, Sir Walford Davies (Master of the King's Musick), and Mr. Oliver Stanley (President of the Board of Education), and later, in company with 2,000 or more youngsters, entertained to a varied programme of light music, including Sir Walford's special contribution dedicated to the Princesses—a fantasy in F for orchestra entitled "Big Ben Looks On." Dr. Malcolm Sargent, the popular conductor of these concerts, made the audience laugh as, in his introductory lecture to the first item, from Handel's "Water Music," he explained that the importance of the trumpet was due to the fact that it had "a long-standing engagement to perform on the Day of Judgment." Mr. Mayer has organised juvenile orchestral concerts for the past fourteen years, and so popular have they become that he now holds sixty or more during the winter. The next in this series will be at the People's Palace

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QUEEN MARY AT GUILDFORD: Her Majesty being presented with a bouquet after opening the new maternity home of the Guildford Queen's District Nursing Association. Later she drove to the site on Stag Hill, where Guildford Cathedral is under construction and started the driving of one of the last of the ferro-concrete piles on which the piers of the great structure will rest. When completed this will have the distinction of being the third cathedral of a new diocese to be built by the Church of England since the Reformation

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C. 4.
Wednesday, April 7, 1937.

THE STATUS OF A VISITOR.—Lord Tweedsmuir's visit to Mr. Roosevelt created no precedent. It would indeed be unique for a Governor-General of Canada to pay an official visit (in a political sense) to the President of U.S.A., but Lord Tweedsmuir's visit, which he has been very anxious to make, was only official in the social sense. He returned a call, as one sovereign on another. That precedent (if any) was set by Lord Willingdon in 1927. Lord Tweedsmuir went to America in his official capacity as Governor-General with the principal object of "returning the call" which the President made at Ottawa in July 1936, and in the course of his stay at Washington he had no doubt important talks (whether or not in the form of "soliloquies" overheard by the other) with Mr. Roosevelt on the relations between Canada and the States, both in regard to political and industrial matters. These talks will no doubt clear the way towards important decisions for the Imperial Conference in London following the Coronation, since some of the matters on the agenda, in so far as they affect Canada, affect also her industrial relations with the States. But, needless to stress again, Lord Tweedsmuir did not go to the White House as a political or industrial plenipotentiary. Unofficially Lord Tweedsmuir and the President are friends of old standing and unofficially the G.G. in his private capacity as a writer of very popular literature, is an ever welcome guest and sure draw to literary audiences throughout America. The President has many friends among literary Englishmen and on one day of Lord Tweedsmuir's visit deserted him in order to entertain Mr. Belloc. I believe that shortly before his appointment Mr. Buchan was considering an invitation to lecture in the States, and was indeed anxious to fulfil it at some convenient time during his term of office in, of course, a private capacity.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S BID FOR DICTATORSHIP.—I believe that great paper, the *New York Times*, usually backs Mr. Roosevelt. At any rate it is, like our *Times*, concerned in the public interest to give a fair hearing to any responsible government in power while reserving the right of fair criticism. But the *N.Y.T.* finds the President's latest bid for supreme power a hard nut to crack and swallow. Indeed it gasps at his huge spoonful—and revolts. It says "No other President in the history of the U.S. has ever remotely had such powers. No President has ever had a better reason for referring directly to the electorate any proposed change in the constitution or in the court which is its guardian." What the *N.Y.T.* is prepared to swallow is that the President can already do off his own bat practically anything in the way of spending; for the unemployed, to shore up credit, to protect farmers and farm mortgagors, for social amelioration. It is further prepared to attempt to swallow his powers to devalue the dollar, to introduce bimetallism in a night, to play games with gold, to pay civil servants any salaries he chooses, to shut down the Stock Exchange for 3 months, to raise or lower import tariffs by 50 per cent. But it will not swallow his cardinal premise that the Supreme Court as constituted up to 1937 blocks effective Government action. In so far (it holds) that it blocked the progress of his N.R.A. and A.A.A. policies, it blocked the most dangerous, the least effective, and the most unpopular of the measures of the Roosevelt administration. The view of the *N.Y.T.* is worth putting on record. It must represent a considerable, a fair-minded, stable and educated, American opinion.

LUDENDORFF COMES BACK?—There was nothing "semi-official" in the burial of the hatchet between Hitler and Ludendorff, though the burial place was not disclosed. The fact of interment was broadcast from Munich, and the international Press speculated much on its significance. It might mean so much—or so little. The general who, in his bitter rage with Hitler, refused a baton from the Führer, is now seventy-two years old and has gained a reputation for marked eccentricity in recent years. He has toyed with paganism and other strange gods, and he has said hard things about the man with whom he engineered the abortive Nazi Putsch of 1923 and by whose side he stood his trial for high treason. Yesterday Ludendorff was just an old man gone sour and in the desert, and Hitler was—Hitler, the Führer, the God of Modern Germany. So it may be the reconciliation was just a gesture of courtesy, a fitting and overdue act, to bring back into the fold a great war leader who had been cavalierly treated; a tidying-up of rough edges. But, for once, it looked as if there were more significance in the reconciliation. Ludendorff became (if in 1914 he was *not*) a great and experienced strategist. He has now set the red-hot seal of his approval on Hitler's tearing up of the Versailles Treaty, and has harmonised his own recent theories and philosophy with the practical politics and aims of the Führer. It looked as if the old war-horse was neighing and quite prepared once more to take the field for earnest tasks to the greater glory of German Nationalism. Many men of seventy-two are in the prime of life, with all their powers to upset apple-carts or rebuild ruins undimmed. Pilots have been dropped and retrieved before in German history with startling results. But the ruling caste in German militarism jealously preserves its monopolies, and Ludendorff might well prove to be a bone of contention inside and outside Germany. And then a bombshell. . . . The lost sheep was turned back at the gate of the fold. He is once more a black sheep.

GIANTS IN THESE DAYS?—The German army leaders (it is said) are considering the creation on Hitler's birthday (April 20) of a new regiment of Guards to be named after him and composed only of giants. Such was the egotistic pleasure of Frederick the Great who in the height of his pride and militarism surrounded himself with battalions of giants to flatter his vanity and impress his rivals. Let us not blame the Führer unheard. In dictator-countries too often the tail begins to wag the dog and the disciples to outdo the master. Certainly some of Hitler's lieutenants have of late out-Hitlered Hitler and I daresay—I hope—he will turn down the proposal for a regiment of giants. For giants in modern warfare are rather vulnerable. They are better value on parade than in the trenches and we are led to suppose that Hitler's whole policy is practicality, and that he seeks ever to impress on his nation that the State comes first, and the individual, be he leader or follower, must sink his personal interests and ambitions in the greater common service. Hitler's enemies would rejoice to hear that he hankered after the pomps of his imperial predecessors in dictatorship, and would not wave aside the offer of an imperial crown. But, though power makes men drunk and mad, I fancy Hitler is much too clever to fall for such weaknesses, and he will be wise to treat the proposals of his army chiefs as Julius Caesar treated Mark Antony's.

LORDS REFORM—LORD MIDLETON'S POINTS.—Following on the long symposium on life peerages, Lord Midleton last week put the real issue in a nutshell. It is the issue of reformation root and branch of the Upper House before it is too late, or of fiddling until Rome is a handful of grey ashes. He said: "For forty years reform has been ardently pressed, and recommended by farsighted statesmen (liberal minded also) like Lords Rosebery and Bryce. There are to-day 765 peers qualified to sit. Of these quite a number never take their seats at all. The average attendance at vital debates is lower than when the number of peers was 500. There is a large number of peers incompetent to sit on a parish vestry committee. There are, say, 180 peers who justify their existence as privileged legislators by heredity. Reform is vital and urgent. Soon it will be too late. The lines of reform *must* be: (1) The number of peers entitled to sit to be heavily reduced by selection and qualification — I would say to 180; (2) The party balance to be redressed from outside by introducing temporary Lords of Parliament—give them a title or not, it makes no odds so long as that title is not hereditary; the day cannot surely be very far distant when the bestowal of titles of all kinds will be heavily reduced or abolished; (3) Security against party swamping *ad hoc* by a Premier in power." The public simply will not stand for ever in a democratic country hereditary rights to legislate vested in a privileged few conditioned by no qualification tests of any kind; and sane citizens will not for ever endure to leave our ancient and glorious constitution trembling on the crater's edge as at present, at the mercy of a single madman's boot. Sir John Marriott fears that Lord Midleton's reform proposal is still as far as ever from practical politics and that meanwhile it is better to tinker than to wring your hands.

"THE JOCKS" RELIEVE "THE JOCKS": Men of the 2nd Battalion, Scots Guards, arriving at the Tower of London to take over duty from the 1st Battalion of the same regiment, which was leaving for its three weeks' annual training at Pirbright, Surrey

COAL CONSUMERS' GRIEVANCES.

— A week or two back I spoke of the grievances of the private individual who must buy coal for domestic purposes. I spoke of his grievances and for him. Big consumers can (and do) speak for themselves. The paragraph naturally brought me correspondence from other interests, as well as concurrence from the small consumer. There are many view-points and many difficulties in the coal industry. The small consumer perhaps cannot appreciate them in his own view-point. He remembers that in 1913 he could buy kitchen nuts at 24s. a ton in London and that now he must pay 46s. a ton. I am not convinced that he will pay more cheerfully if he realises that the railway freight rate and wagon hire from Yorkshire to London to-day are 12s. 6d. per ton and the merchant's delivery charge from station to cellar in London is a figure hardly less substantial. Then, if he lives in the southern country in an out-of-the-way spot, there will be increased delivery charges. He may pay 26s. a ton, or more in an extreme case to get his coal delivered from the pit head into his remote southern cellar. Which suggests to him that after all the coal factor may not find the business very profitable. Do these facts make him pay more cheerfully? Actually I am told that in 1936 the coal industry disposed of more coal in the inland market than in any recorded year, including the "record" year of 1913. But I am not advised whether consumption by the small domestic consumer was a record. If the small consumer feels that he is a market worth considering for the well-being of a vital industry, he may well ask if Government intervention cannot do something to reduce such transport and "middle" charges for him, so as to keep him in the market as a buyer—to give him his coal at a more economic price. But assuming that 46s. to 50s. *is* a fair economic price for kitchen nuts to-day, then the small consumer will be comforted to learn that his consumption has helped to give the miners in 1936 in increased wages more than £6,000,000. I have received a considerable correspondence on this subject (because it is one which touches pockets) from persons representing several distinct interests, including colliery owners, coal-factors, gas services, and private consumers. I was struck with the courtesy and restraint with which all my correspondents "set forth thetruth." I was blamed by some for not revealing the facts. Each supplied me with the incontrovertible facts. Unfortunately they were contradictory. One interest blamed it on another. So I began to resent that one courteous owner preached me a sermon on writing in ignorance of the facts.

HER PRIVATE LIFE!

—When the other week I asked for some authentic details of the private life of Margaret Mitchell of *Gone with the Wind* fame, I lit such a candle as is not likely to be put out for some time, and one, to boot, which burns a dazzling flame of publicity. Private life? She may have had one once. She has none now. She cannot buy a pair of stockings without making the fortune of the manufacturer of that type. She must try on her new frock before a crowd controlled by the police. There is a regular profession sprung up in the States—that of Mitchell-impersonator. You make up as Margaret Mitchell and reap your harvest in Hudson Bay territory or in Mexico while the sun shines. Original Taras are springing up all over the southern States and Aunt Pittypat is a portrait of every southerner's great-great-aunt. As for the Mitchell publicity fiends, they will write *anything* about her. She is a giantess, a cripple, a vegetarian, a mormon, a deaf and dummy, stone-blind; she is under twenty-one and over fifty; she is what you will—swallow. And perhaps, since publicity pays, she swallows it also. Facts? I have them. I have a facsimile of her original script—a page from her typescript as corrected, She can compose only on a typewriter. Ergo, she is quite a "modern." Of the facts in my possession, I like them mostly. She is very, very small, and elfin-like and pretty. And she grew up from childhood on good literature and old wives' tales. She and her family all learned classic poetry by heart, poems by Byron, Moore, Macaulay, and Scott. The elders read out aloud to the children all those books which my father read to me—the sure and only road to love of literature and to an urge for writing; and as for the legends of the Civil war, she was soaked in them from her cradle. There is only one fact which she does not give me herself. It is a vulgar, material fact, but Trollope set his seal on it as a matter of genuine interest in the biography of a writer. How much has she made out of the book so far—there are all the pickings from cinema rights to come? The rights themselves have already been sold for a bumper figure. According to THE SPHERE book-review page she has already reaped a sum of £50,000 net after tax deductions. I daresay it will top £100,000 net before the end of her life. For one novel . . . Trollope, who was well paid, made £70,000 during his life out of fifty books. I remember gaping (in the world before the war) when I heard that Mrs. Humphrey Ward had made £16,000 out of *Helbeck of Bannisdale*. Mrs. John Marsh (for such is Miss Mitchell's married name) must have beaten all records, £100,000 for one novel.

SHAKESPEARE'S TARDY TRIUMPH.

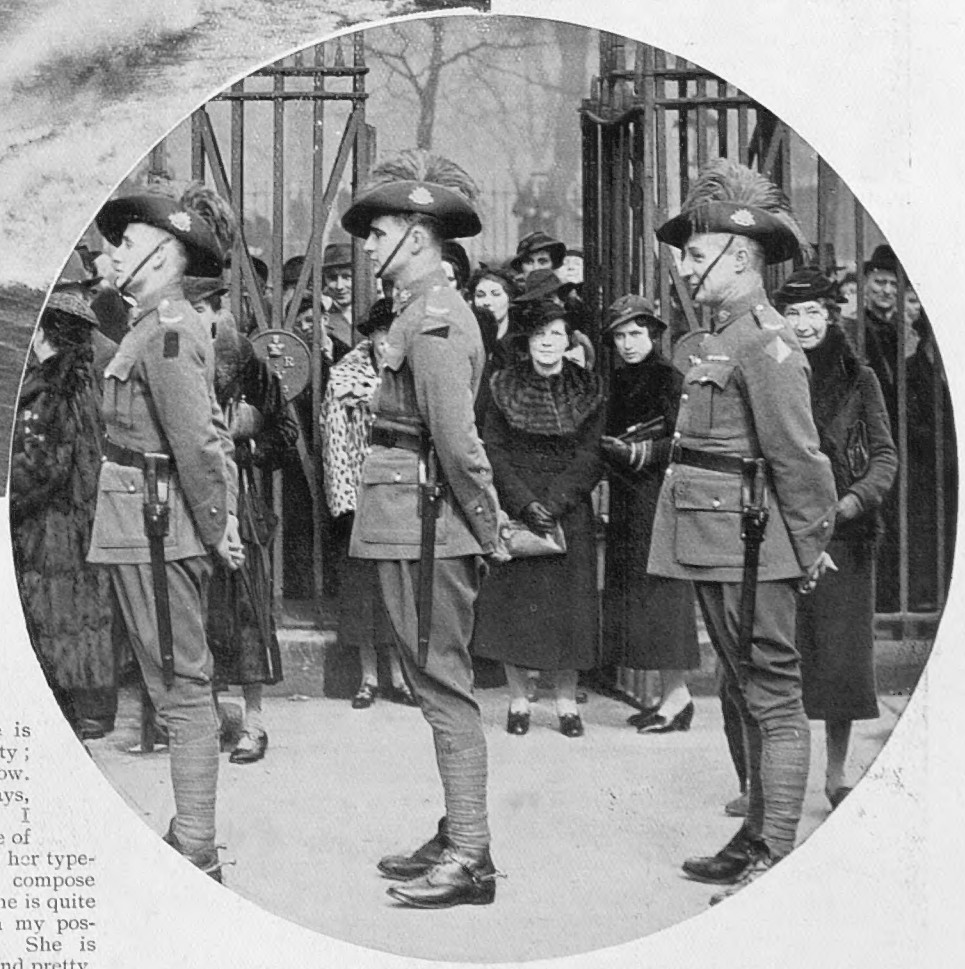
—It is strange to-day to remember that for so many generations of the "great days" of English history we were content to leave it to foreigners to worship our greatest national genius, content to treat Shakespeare cavalierly, content to immortalise his greatness with "Baron" Grant's appalling monument in the dingy setting of shoddy Leicester Square. Two decades of publicity have had their effect (as perhaps they will have on the road-death horror also). We have been lashed at last to activity and whipped into acknowledgment of our shame. In the great river-site theatre at Stratford, Shakespeare has for a few years now been played to admiration and London, that sluggish backwater, is at last ashamed of her stagnancy and means to rival Stratford. She dreams of another river site, whereon shall rise again not only the old Globe, equipped to play the plays as in Shakespeare's time they were played, but also the old Mermaid, where Shakespeare and rare Ben drank deep, and where modern audiences and worshippers, assisted by a covered way between Globe and Mermaid, shall drink their modest pints between the acts. A Globe and a Mermaid as like to the originals as modern conditions admit, and the river frontage used as cleverly as modern architectural genius can. Here's promise and progress! Shakespeare has been rising every year. The open air plays have done his cause immense service. Broadcast talks have done some more. He is to-day actually considered in the production of his plays. His poetry is suffered to be the background and setting of his dramas, and his producers admit that he had after all a sense of the theatre. And the man in the pit begins to realise that William Shakespeare (whoever he was) had genius, and merits national pride.

TO ERR IS HUMAN.—

A correspondent wrote in a Sunday paper an article on Berkeley Square in its "great days." In the course of his article he said that Colin Campbell (Lord Clyde) led the charge of the Light Brigade. Of course, a score of readers rushed in to correct him, and he wrote an apology for his mistake. "It was, of course," he said, "Lord Cardigan who did the business." Unfortunately he did not end there. He referred again to Colin Campbell, "afterwards Lord *Clive*." Thus once more he fell into grievous error—sheer bad luck—another confusion worse confounded of the names of famous Berkeley Square residents. I waited to see if his readers would show mercy and resist the temptation to put him once more on the mat. They did. It is so easy to slip into these errors in journalism. I wonder how many will be detected by readers of this paragraph?

THE OLD STAGER

ROYAL RIVER JOURNEY: The historic custom of a Sovereign travelling in State by water from Westminster to Greenwich will be revived on April 27 when the King and Queen will go down the Thames to open the National Maritime Museum, using for the occasion this vessel built by the British Power Boat Company. She is in most points similar to the admirals' barges recently adopted for the use of naval Commanders-in-Chief, speed being allied with dignity and spaciousness



ALL EYES ON THE "DIGGERS": The members of the Australian Coronation contingent, with their bronzed countenances and emu feather head-dresses, are a great attraction at Wellington Barracks where they are billeted, and on Sunday mornings there is always an admiring throng watching them through the railings. When off duty they are frequently mobbed by autograph hunters

SEVEN DAYS OF H

RUSHING TO THE RESCUE: Police climbing up a ladder to the bridge where the Southern Railway disaster took place on the morning of April 2, when ten persons lost their lives and dozens were injured as the 7.31 a.m. electric train from Coulsdon North to Victoria ran into the rear of the 7.30 a.m. from London Bridge, ploughing into the guard's van and another coach

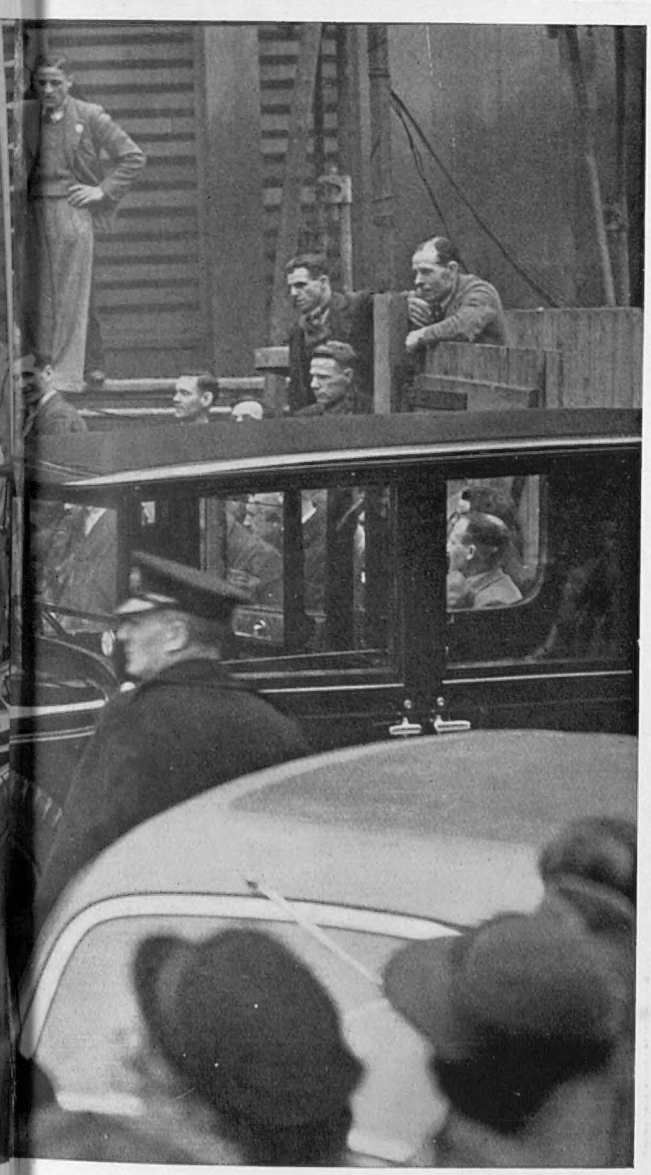
TRAGEDY ON THE ROAD: Firemen playing water on the still-smouldering wreckage of a St. Louis–Cincinnati bus, in which 19 people were killed when it ran into a bridge abutment at Salem, Illinois. All the occupants of the vehicle were skaters travelling to Cincinnati to take part in a contest

QUEEN MARY AT WESTMINSTER: Her Majesty cheered by workpeople as she left the ments in company with the Earl Marshal, the Duke of Norfolk. She subsequently door, and was afterwards conducted to the seat she will occupy during the ceremo modation for nearly eight thousand people. Queen Mary's presence at the ceremo

OF HISTORY:

The Sugar Conference Meets in London—Battersea Disaster—Sir George Clerk Bids Good-bye to Paris—Queen Mary Visits the Abbey

SWEET DISCOURSE! Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Lord President of the Council, presiding over the body of distinguished statesmen, economists, and expert advisers, representative of twenty-two countries, at the opening of the International Sugar Conference in the Locarno Room at the Foreign Office, the main object of which is to find ways and means of bringing production into harmonious relation with consumption. In the evening delegates were entertained by the Government at dinner at the May Fair, Mr. MacDonald again presiding



left the Abbey last Monday after inspecting the Coronation arrange-ome time examining the annexe, which is being erected at the west he ceremony and shown the general seating plan providing accom-eremony will constitute an interesting departure from precedent

FAREWELL, PARIS: Sir George Clerk, the retiring British Ambassador to Paris, waving good-bye to friends and colleagues as he left the Gare du Nord last Monday en route for England. Many tributes were paid to Sir George by the French Press which stressed the wisdom, sympathy, and tact he had revealed in all his diplomatic dealings during three years of unceasingly strenuous office

FRESH FIELDS!: Ruth Chatterton, Hollywood's star of the silent days and still a power in the film firmament, as she appears in *The Constant Wife*, at the King's Theatre, Edinburgh, where she is making her debut on the British stage

TO SUCCOUR SPAIN'S WOUNDED: Members of the third ambulance unit organised by the American Friends of Democracy to aid the Government forces in the civil war, pictured outside their hotel in Paris before receiving orders to leave for the Madrid front where their equipment and stores were already awaiting them. On the left is Dr. Donald Pitts, and standing in the centre is a coloured member of the unit

EUROPE'S LONGEST BRIDGE: An aerial impression of the great steel and concrete Storstrom Bridge which is being built by Messrs. Dorman Long, and when completed will form with the Masnedsund Bridge a direct link between the island of Zealand (on which Copenhagen stands) and Falster in the Danish archipelago. The length of the main structure is about 2 miles, and there is accommodation for a single track railway of standard gauge, a roadway of 18 ft., and a footway of 8 ft.

DUPED: These Englishmen were captured by the insurgents during recent fighting on the Madrid front, and on being interrogated at the prison camp to which they were taken it transpired that they were members of the Communist party, and were enrolled in London by red emissaries, who promised to find them work in Spain as roadmakers. As soon as they reached the peninsula, however, they were given rifles instead of picks and spades, soon afterwards being sent into the firing-line

HOLDING A HILLTOP: Rebels operating a s... in the battle-zone south of Madrid, where ... threat to the capital has died down. It ... was planning to rely on Spanish troops, hav...

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Echoes of Easter

The Pope Makes his First Public Appearance Since his Illness: Return to Piety in Andalusia

ST. PETER'S—FOCAL POINT OF THE CATHOLIC WORLD: On Easter Sunday the Pope made his first public appearance since the beginning of his illness last December, and thousands thronged to the precincts of the great Basilica to acclaim him. Arrangements were made to save him from walking more than a few steps and he wore a specially light tiara. *Left*—His Holiness, enthroned in the central loggia of St. Peter's, and surrounded by members of the Vatican Court, pronouncing his blessing on the multitudes gathered below after thanking them for the special prayers made on his behalf in the past few months. *Right*—Standing before the throne during the celebration of the Easter Mass, an ordeal, considering his state of health, he bore without any visible fatigue

HOLY WEEK IN SEVILLE: Black-hooded penitents who marched before a sacred image in one of the many processions through the streets of the Andalusian capital where for a brief spell the people's minds were more occupied with religious observances than with the war. Fewer than usual were able to assemble for the celebrations, but it was noticeable that what the festival had lost in numbers it had gained in reverence, being marked by a distinct revival in piety

"THE USUAL STORM IS RAGING AGAINST OUR MAGNIFICENT ITALY," declaimed Signor Mussolini from the balcony of the Palazzo Venezia when replying to foreign criticism in his address to 250,000 Blackshirts who had gathered to celebrate the anniversary of the foundation of the Fascist movement. The Duce spoke very fast and acrimoniously for about 15 mins. and attacked particularly "the hysterical oratory of certain Anglican pulpits ever ready to see the mote in other people's eyes"

GETTING ACQUAINTED: Signor Dino Alfieri, the Italian Press and Propaganda Minister, with native women and children in Libya during Mussolini's recent tour of Italy's North African possessions. Signor Alfieri, who succeeded Count Ciano in this post on the latter's becoming Minister for Foreign Affairs, has been much in the news of late and on March 31 his remarks were widely publicised when he convened all the foreign correspondents in Rome to a discussion on "the evils of newspaper campaigns and how to avoid them." In a short homily he declared that every six months or so the Press flared up into expectation of dramatic happenings in Italy and, disappointed when they did not come off, uncontrolled reports led to denials and recriminations

ALFIERI: THE ITALIAN GOEBBELS

Signor Mussolini's Minister of Press and Propaganda

"GRACIOUS SUN MAYEST THOU SHINE ON NOTHING GREATER THAN THE CITY OF ROME" runs the inscription on this triumphal arch which has been built at Arae Philenorum on the boundary between the colonies of Tripolitania and Cyrenaica and was inaugurated by Signor Mussolini during his recent tour of Italy's North African possessions, its purpose being to celebrate the foundation of the "new Roman Empire." Isolated arches such as this were set up in many parts of North Africa in the days of the conquering Caesars

Hands Across the Adriatic

Italy and Yugoslavia Bury the Hatchet by Signing a New Pact of Friendship

ON Thursday, March 25, Italy and Yugoslavia buried the hatchet by signing a Pact of Friendship and a Trade Pact. Thus ended a period of strained relations which has lasted for 10 years. Italo-Yugoslav differences began soon after the signing of the Peace Treaties. Italy aspired to the left bank of the Adriatic—Dalmatia—which the Peace Treaties had accorded to Yugoslavia.

In 1924 an accommodation was made between the two countries in the form of a treaty called the Pact of Rome. In 1925, however, Italy set up a virtual protectorate in Albania. Disillusionment followed in Belgrade, and when in 1929, the Rome Pact was due for renewal, it was allowed to lapse. During the years which followed Italo-Yugoslav relations went from bad to worse. Italy endeavoured by arrangements with Hungary and Bulgaria and the sponsoring of the cause of treaty revision, to encircle Yugoslavia. At the same time she encouraged the Croat and Macedonian extremists and by these means endeavoured to disrupt Yugoslavia internally.

Matters came to a head in the autumn of 1935, when King Alexander of Yugoslavia was assassinated at Marseilles, by an organisation of Croat and Macedonian *émigrés*, who had received the hospitality of Italy and Hungary. Europe was on the brink of war. That the catastrophe was averted was mainly due to the conciliatory efforts of Mr. Eden, the British Foreign Secretary, at the League Council meeting at Geneva.

By C. F. MELVILLE

There followed the Italo-Abyssinian conflict, in the course of which Yugoslavia participated in League sanctions against Italy. After the lifting of sanctions, however, there was a noticeable movement on the part of both M. Stoyadinovitch, the Yugoslav Premier, and Signor Mussolini, the Italian Dictator, for a resumption of normal trade relations. This led to negotiations for a settlement of political differences. These negotiations were greatly facilitated by the Anglo-Italian Mediterranean Agreement of this year. The outcome is the Italo-Yugoslav Agreement of last month.

The Italo-Yugoslav Agreement has taken the form of a Pact of Friendship and a Trade Pact. Attached are a number of protocols. The political agreement means that the two countries recognise the regional *status quo*, and agree not to resort to force in the settlement of differences; and that they agree, in the case of either being the victim of unprovoked aggression, that neither will assist the aggressor.

The political Pact also contains a provision whereby both countries promise not to allow terrorist activities in their respective territories aimed against the one or the other. In view of the past encouragement given by Italy to Yugoslav political *émigrés*, this provision is of especial value to Yugoslavia.

The attached protocols deal with the question of Albania, and of Italian minorities in Yugoslavia and Yugoslav minorities in Italy.

The Trade Pact accords Yugoslavia a favourable trade balance. But it is also designed to be extended to a wide regional agreement. This probably foreshadows the association first of Yugoslavia and then of the Little Entente as a whole (Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, and Rumania) with the Protocol of Rome group (Italy, Austria, and Hungary).

It is believed that a similar pact may be negotiated at a later stage between Italy and Czechoslovakia. At the time of writing such a pact is being concluded between Italy and Turkey and a parallel one between Italy and Greece is being considered.

By these arrangements Italy obtains Yugoslavia's tacit recognition of the Italian conquest of Abyssinia.

On balance, however, most of the advantages go to Yugoslavia. For that country obtains a guarantee of her territorial integrity on the Adriatic, a cessation of Italian encouragement to Yugoslav subversive elements, and a favourable trade balance. In this sense the whole thing is a triumph for the political realism of M. Stoyadinovitch, the Yugoslav Premier, who, since he assumed office, has steadily pursued policies of practical peace making, both internally and externally.

The Belgrade-Rome agreement is certainly expressive of the political attitude M. Stoyadinovitch expressed to me when I spoke with him in Belgrade recently. For the Yugoslav Premier explained to me that his country was primarily interested in local, or regional security, and desired to pursue a policy of friendship with all neighbours; but that the making of new friendships would not mean the discarding of old ones. In a word: M. Stoyadinovitch—whom I once described as "a business man in politics"—is inspired not by political theory, but by practical considerations.

M. Stoyadinovitch has proclaimed that the Italo-Yugoslav Pact does not mean any disruption of Yugoslavia's friendship with Britain, France, and the Little Entente. On the face of it, therefore, the Pact with Italy, following closely upon the conclusion of the Pact with Bulgaria should mean the building of a bridge between the *status quo* and the revisionist groups of States in Central and South Eastern Europe, with Yugoslavia as the keystone of the bridge.

Fears, which have been expressed in certain quarters, that Yugoslavia has now entered the German-Italian camp, and deserted the Anglo-French association, and that the Little Entente is about to be broken up in consequence, may, therefore, be discounted. As M. Stoyadinovitch explained to me, Yugoslavia does not intend to join any camp. She proposes to stand on her own feet, in friendly association with neighbours.

Above all, Yugoslavia cherishes the most friendly feelings for Britain. This is appreciated in official London, which accounts largely for the readiness with which the British Government gave its blessing to the Italo-Yugoslav Pact.

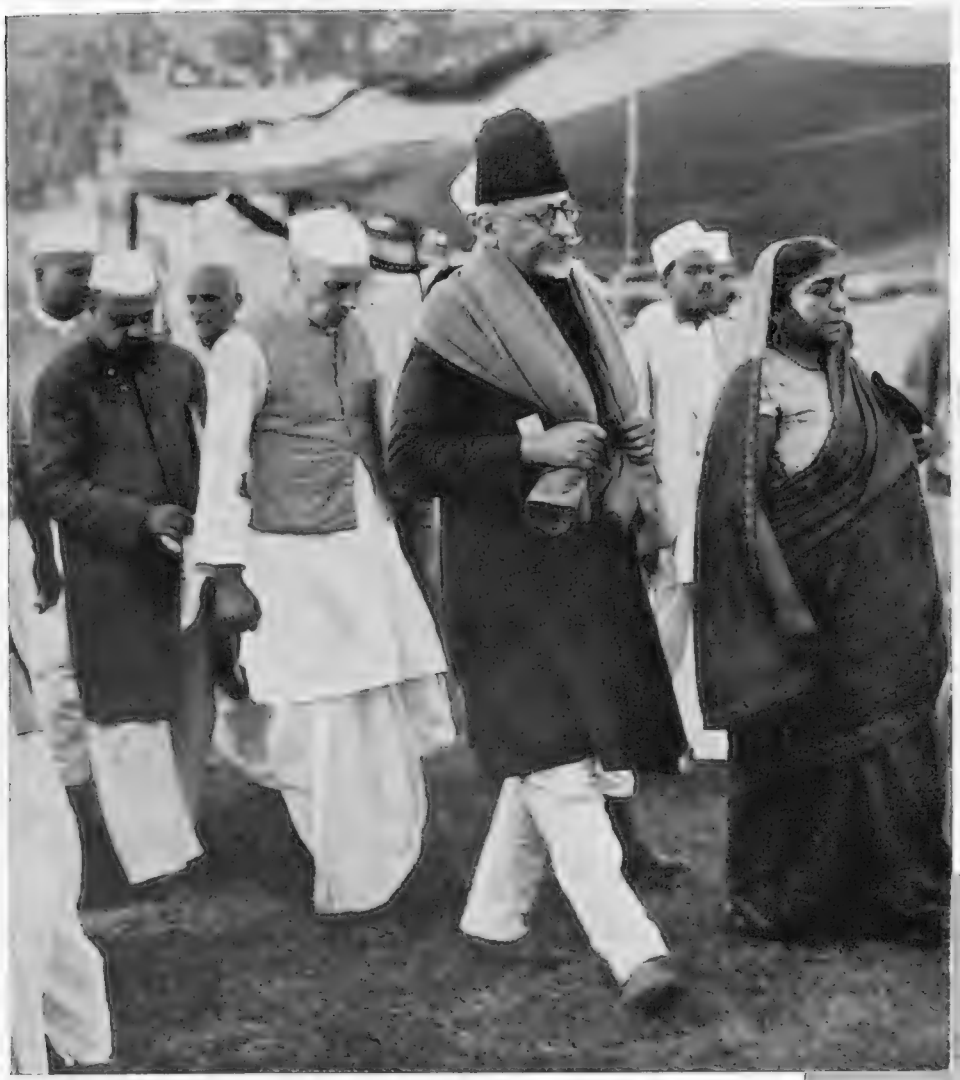
What is not yet clear, however, is the effect of the pact on such questions as Hungarian revisionism and Austrian independence. How, it may be asked, will Italy reconcile her support of the *status quo*, symbolised by her pact with Yugoslavia, with her championship of Hungary's campaign for the revision of the Treaty of Trianon? And it may also be asked: will the Italo-Yugoslav Pact result in a strengthening or a weakening of Germany's ambitions in Austria?

It is clear that in order to obtain German diplomatic support of her Abyssinian and Spanish adventures, Italy has had to pay the price of permitting a growth of German influence in Austria and a corresponding decline of Italian influence in that country. Italy's Balkan success, achieved through the pact with Yugoslavia, may be intended to result in a strengthening of her position in Central and South Eastern Europe vis-à-vis her stronger German associate in the "Berlin-Rome Axis." On the other hand it must be remembered that Belgrade no less than Berlin is opposed to a Habsburg restoration in Austria, and that Signor Mussolini's sudden dropping of the Habsburg cause, at the dictate of Herr Hitler, was probably one of the things which facilitated the Italo-Yugoslav *rapprochement*. Yugoslavia's intense opposition to Habsburgism may be gauged by the fact that although her responsible statesmen maintain an admirable calm about it, the Yugoslav Press frequently indulges in veritable hysterics at the mere mention of Archduke Otto.

It is not possible to assess these aspects of the situation until there has been time in which to observe the Italo-Yugoslav Pact in operation. In the meantime, taking it on its broader issues, it is only necessary to welcome it, as the British Government has already done, as an important contribution to European peace.

INDIA and the NEW CONSTITUTION

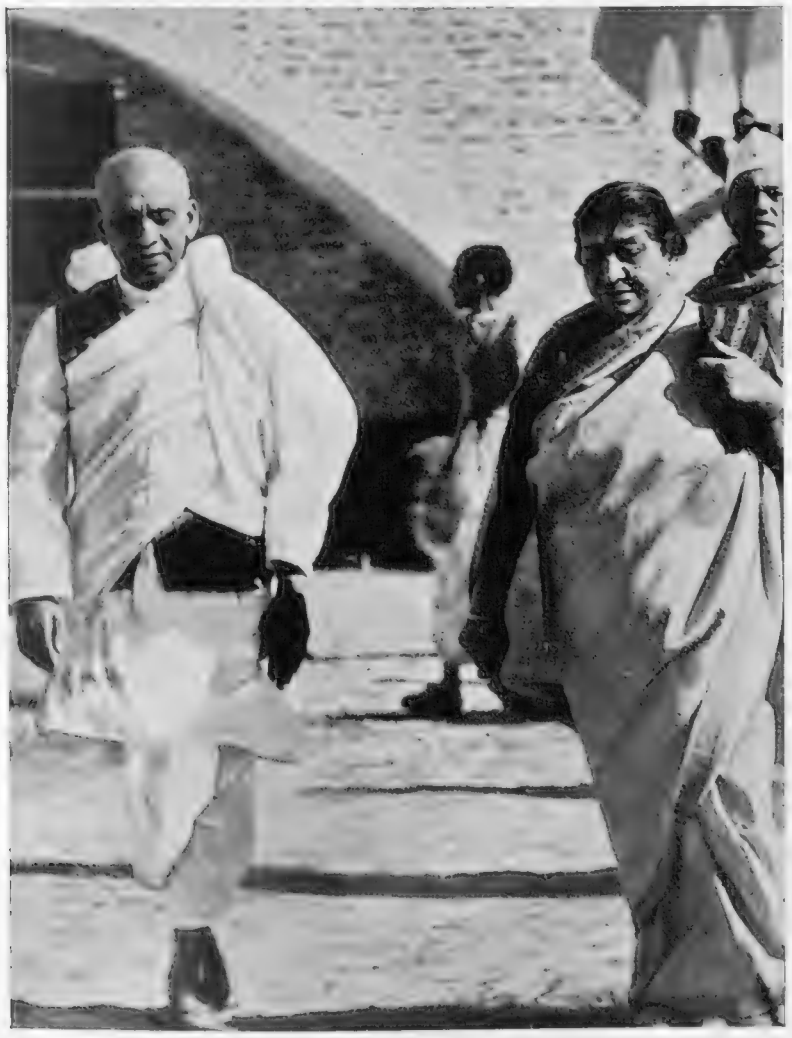
The Congress Party Scores an Election Victory and then Meets to Decide the Question of Taking Office



CENTRAL FIGURES IN THE CONSTITUTIONAL DEADLOCK: Pandit Nehru, President of the Congress Party, and Mrs. Sarojini Naidu arriving for the momentous meeting held in Delhi to decide whether Congress, which had gained majorities in many of the provinces at the elections, should take office or not. The vote in favour of acceptance was 172 to 70, but the condition was made that the party leaders should before taking office satisfy themselves that the State Governors would not use their special powers of intervention under the India Act. This condition has since created a deadlock

MAKING A POINT: A characteristic study of Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, poetess, politician, and feminist, delivering an address before the Indian elections. The avowed policy of her party is the wrecking of the new Constitution which came into being on April 1

AT THE BOMBAY POLLS: Up-to-date girls watching voters during the election which resulted in a narrow majority for Congress over all other parties in the Presidency. *On left*—Saidar Patel and Mrs. Naidu arriving at the important Delhi meeting at which the question of taking office following the elections was voted upon

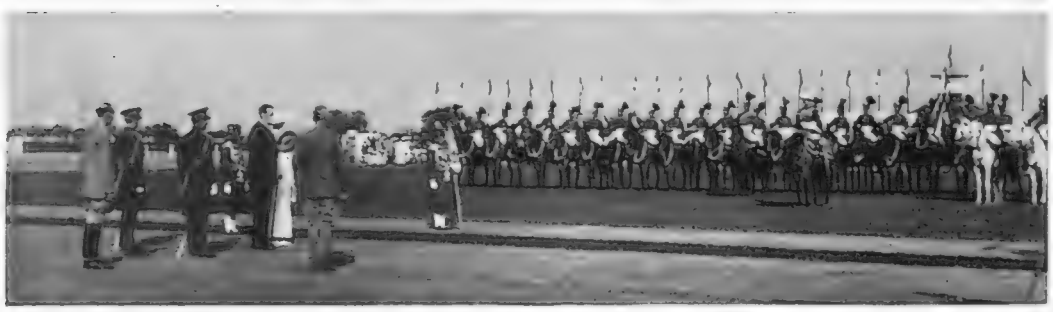


SPORT IN VICE

SPORTING DIVERSION: A large company of spectators attended the Kadir Cup contest—the hog-hunter's classic—at Sujmana, Meerut, and an unexpected thrill occurred after heat two, when a fine panther (seen here after it had been accounted for) got up on the left of the line and broke back. It mauled two horses, but before further damage could be done, Captain Elliot, one of the competitors, set off in pursuit and speared it

WAITING FOR ZERO HOUR: Competitors reacto of the Kadir Cup at Sujmana—one of the osta sporting calendar. It was watched this ye bot roy, and Lord Baden Powell, the Chief Sco wh

CROSSING THE NULLAH: Elephants carrspec Kadir Cup contest on the last day of mee Linlithgow, wife of the Viceroy, is pictridir



THE VICEROY ARRIVES: The Marquess of Linlithgow reviewing a detachment of cavalry on arrival at the Delhi Horse Show, one of the big events of the season in the capital. The Viceroy has had a crowded programme of late and recent political events (particularly the inauguration of the new Constitution on April 1) have done nothing to lessen the arduousness of his daily round

THE VICTORIOUS RATANDA TEAM AND THEIR TROPHY: The winners of the Gold Cup at the New Delhi tournament—an annual event which attracts some of the best polo players in India

UP AND OVER: Taking the bank in fine style in the h unter changing position with lightning speed, leap down the side—

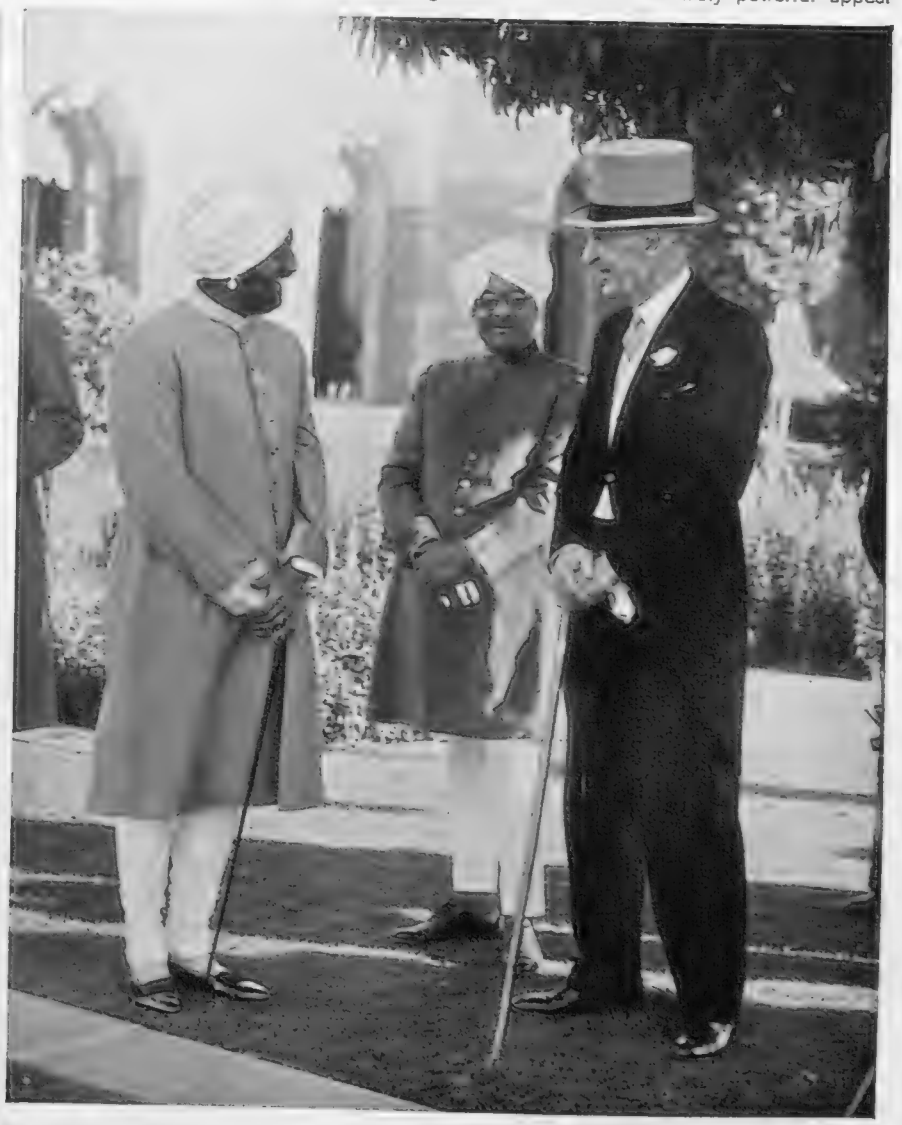
E REGAL INDIA: Social and Sporting Life Pursues its Way in a Land where Momentous Changes are being Wrought with the Coming of the New Constitution on April 1

ea:to take part in the first heats
e o standing events in the Indian
ye both by Lord Linlithgow, the Vice-
co who himself won the event in 1883

spectators to the scene of the
meeting. The Marchioness of
riding in the howdah in the centre

THE VICTOR AND HIS QUARRY: Lieutenant J. H. Branford, of the 84th Field Battery, Royal Artillery, standing beside his horse Red Turk and the pig he accounted for in the final heat of the Kadir Cup, for which this was the sixty-sixth annual contest. Pig-sticking perhaps provides an even greater test of horsemanship than either fox-hunting or steeplechasing, while the ever present element of danger gives this essentially Indian sport a large measure of its undeniably powerful appeal

unters trial at Delhi Horse Show. The horses jump to the top of the bank and,
ide—a performance demanding good judgment and a sense of balance



THE VICEROY'S GARDEN PARTY: Sir Henry Craik in conversation with the Maharaja of Patiala on the lawns of Lord Linlithgow's residence at Delhi. The Maharaja has several times been Chancellor of the Chamber of Princes

"I Go to Prague"

The Second of a Short Series of Articles in which an Attempt is Made to Learn the Truth of What is now Going on in Czechoslovakia

By H. J. GREENWALL

"I DON'T consider war inevitable," said Dr. Benes quietly.

Now that Sir Austen Chamberlain is dead many students of European politics consider Dr. Benes, President of the Czechoslovakian Republic, the last of the Great Europeans.

Slightly below medium height, with brown flashing eyes, the new President is a realist in European affairs. For long years, as practically a perpetual Foreign Minister to his country, Dr. Benes was in close touch with all phases and conditions of changing European policies by attending every conference held under the auspices of the League of Nations. I can say quite frankly that he has no illusions, no deceptions, and his considered statement on the outlook for war or peace in Europe must carry weight.

POLITICALLY MINDED: Studying photographs of Czechoslovakian leaders in the window of a Prague shop. The new republic, which evolved from the wreckage of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, has produced several outstanding men, notably Professor Masaryk and Dr. Benes

I, visiting this danger zone of Europe, am impressed all the more, for I have just come from the German-Czecho frontier; the situation, as I see it, is this: you have two houses and two gardens side by side; the properties are divided by a fence. On one side of the fence you have a house in which there is living a united family of 62,000,000 people. In the other house there is a non-united family of 15,000,000 people.

In the garden of the first house their sustenance is barely enough to feed the family of 62,000,000, but in the other garden, quite close to the fence, there are many things which the larger family requires, but the fence is there and the smaller family is resolutely determined to prevent members of the larger family coming over the fence and taking what does not belong to it.

To carry my parable a little further, I would say that 3,250,000 members of the 15,000,000 family are members of the same race and speak the same language as the members of the larger family.

Let us make the inventory of the natural resources of Czechoslovakia. First of all I find that the political economy of Czechoslovakia is better balanced than the political economy of Germany; that is to say the balance between agriculture and industry is more evenly distributed. Here are some of the most vital products of Czechoslovakia, and I must stress this point: it is ironical that the mines are, for the most part, very close to the German frontier.

Czechoslovakia produces: 100,000 tons of manganese per annum; 2,000,000 tons of iron ore per annum; 60,000 tons of copper per annum; 66 tons of mercury per annum; 28,000 tons of gold ore per annum; 1,660 tons of pure gold per annum; 17,000,000 tons of stone coal per annum; 23,000,000 tons of brown coal per annum; 120,000 tons of zinc and lead; 25,000 tons of silver; 20,000 tons of crude petrol.

There are also important productions of salt, not very important mining of tin, and a certain quantity of radium, actually approximately four grammes per annum.

The manganese mines are in Slovakia. I have not yet referred to the question of wolfram, which is a product essential in the process of hardening steel. Germany has no wolfram at all and has to purchase it abroad, but right next door, on the Czecho-slovakian side of the German-Czecho fence, there are wolfram mines producing 9,000 tons per annum.

So much for the natural resources of the country. Of course, among the natural resources I have listed there are many articles, coal particularly, which are to be found in Germany in abundance. It is, however, the thought in many European Chancelleries, and more particularly in the capitals of the Little Entente countries, that present German foreign policy means a drive towards the East. Put into plain and blunt words this means a march through Czechoslovakia to the Ukraine.

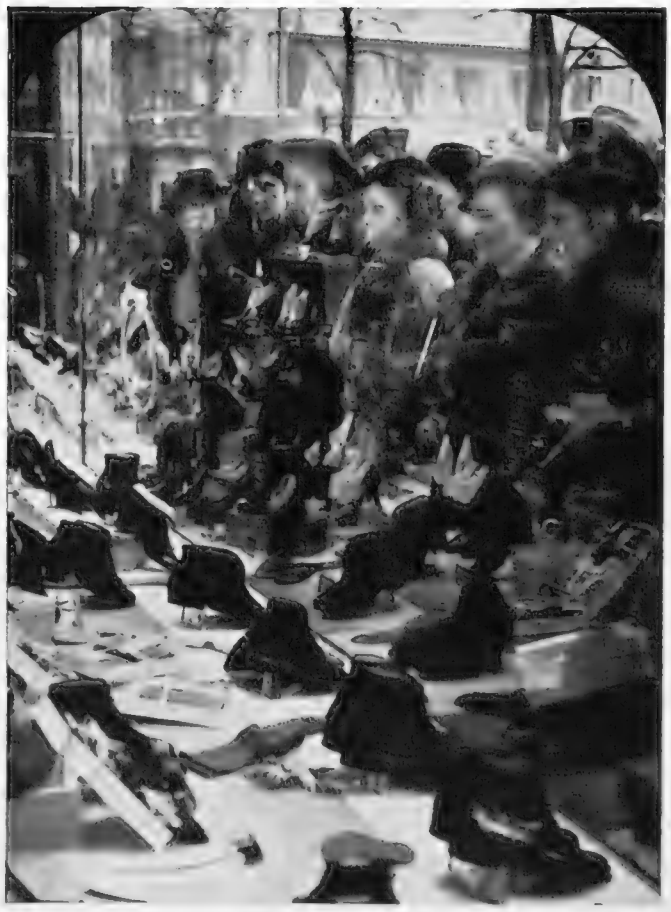
A few months ago, sitting in the sunshine at Monte Carlo, a world-famous minister of a Little Entente country outlined this suspected policy. He pointed out how a German army of the future would fight like a Napoleonic army of the past; it would live on the country it invaded.

Looking at Czechoslovakia as a whole, I find that the most tempting baits are wolfram, manganese, and petrol. Germany at present is buying huge stocks of wheat. In Germany a few days ago I learned that there is not quite six months supply in the country. It is therefore not without interest to examine the wheat situation in Czechoslovakia.

At present Czechoslovakia grows enough wheat to support about 25 per cent. of her needs; she has been importing wheat, but Czechoslovakia is the biggest sugar beet exporting country in the world. The demand for beet sugar is diminishing rapidly, and now Czechoslovakia is growing wheat in place of sugar!

That, however, is not the whole story. The climatic conditions in the country, the bitterly cold winters, and the summer droughts prevent cattle being kept out of doors; fodder, such as clover and alpha, has to be grown to feed the cattle.

There must be told the story of another possible magnet for the Germans: the Skoda munition works where at present 32,000 people are employed. This plant, as I shall tell in a later article, is one of the most up to date in the world.



CYNOSURE OF ALL EYES: Window gazers outside a Prague boot and shoe shop. Footwear is inexpensive in Czechoslovakia, due in large measure to the mass production efforts of the firm of Bata—now a world-wide organisation

Czechoslovakia has a rich textile trade which employs more than 500,000 people; there is also an enormous glass and china industry. Curiously enough, all these three leading industries of Czechoslovakia are in the hands of Germans, but not the Germans of Germany. These are members of the race who live on the other side of the fence, in the houše of the 15,000,000 family, which we call Czechoslovakia. How this family means to defend its property I shall tell in my next article.

THE DUSTMAN with his long pipe drooping from his mouth, and his antiquated barrow is a picturesque figure in the streets of Prague

TO FEED PRAGUE'S PRESSES: Newsprint outside one of the city's newspaper offices. Thanks to the richness of Czechoslovakia's timber resources she is able to meet all her own paper requirements and to do a big export business

BRITISH ARMY MANŒUVRES IN THE EGYPTIAN DESERT

The First Large-Scale Exercises to be held Since the Country Became a Sovereign State and Our Troops Ceased to be "An Army of Occupation"

ENCAMPED IN THE SANDY WILDERNESS: Lorries drawn up in the manœuvre area during the recent large-scale exercises held in the desert near Cairo by units of the British Army which are still present in force in the country though, since the signature of the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty last August, no longer having the status of an army of occupation. *Left*—STUDYING THE PLAN OF CAMPAIGN: Sir Miles Lampson (in topee), former High Commissioner in Egypt and now British Ambassador in Egypt, studying a map showing the disposition of the troops when he attended the manœuvres

GRENADIERS IN ACTION: Men of the Guards with a machine-gun and tripod during the mock battle in the desert in which several British regiments took part and which went on continuously for six days. In future, and as a direct result of the signing of the treaty, the main task of our troops in Egypt will be the defence of the Suez Canal zone, (in which area they are for the most part stationed), in co-operation with the Egyptian national forces

The Power of Franklin D. Roosevelt

An Examination of the President's Dominating Position and How He Has Built it Up

The Flight from Republicanism, for Three-quarters of a Century the Political Faith of the Union

A waggish senator, speaking in defence of President Roosevelt's attack on the U.S. Supreme Court, said recently that, whereas William Jennings Bryan, because of his position on "free silver", will go down in history as "16 to 1", James A. Farley, Postmaster General and chairman of the Democratic National Committee, will go down in history as "46 to 2". (Last November, with Farley managing his campaign, Roosevelt carried 46 out of the 48 States in the Union.)

Included in this avalanche of States were the Republican strongholds of Pennsylvania and Utah, and normally Republican New York, Michigan, and Ohio, the last State having been the home of Warren G. Harding, William McKinley, not to mention Mark Hanna, the "Jim" Farley of his time, who, if anything, was more Republican than the Republican Party itself.

The truth of the matter is that, until November, 1932, the United States had always been normally Republican since the time of Abraham Lincoln, by a safe majority. Between 1861 and 1933 only two Democrats were elected to the presidency, Grover Cleveland and Woodrow Wilson. Cleveland was elected in the first instance largely because anti-Catholic feeling militated against James G. Blaine. Wilson was elected in the first instance solely because Theodore Roosevelt ran against Taft and split the Republican Party.

No one was surprised, however, when, in 1923, Roosevelt defeated Hoover, and gave him the worst beating ever administered to a candidate for the Presidency of the United States up to that time. It is a fact that in some parts of the country men were drilling for a march on Washington if Hoover were re-elected. But it was not because the country had turned Democratic. As the saying went, "if the Democrats had nominated a yellow dog he could have beaten Hoover." The country was actually on the brink of armed revolt.

Certainly, as Governor of New York, Roosevelt had done almost nothing. Throughout most of his administration he had been a colourless figure. Perhaps the only real publicity that came to him during those years was due to the fact that the findings of Judge Samuel Seabury's investigation of New York City's government forced him to rule on whether Mayor James J. Walker should be ousted. Otherwise, as Governor of New York, he was conspicuous chiefly for taking over the State from his predecessor, Alfred E. Smith, free of debt, and putting it back in debt. It seems that he was a good spender, even then.

During his campaign for president, Mr. Roosevelt conducted himself generally in accordance with the best conservative tradition. One thing could not escape notice, and that was his beautiful radio voice. Also he coined the immediately famous phrase, "the forgotten man." But the public did not sense in that phrase the hidden volcano that was to burst into action in March, 1933. Then, when he was elected, Roosevelt proceeded to pick a Cabinet notable chiefly for its mediocrity. When inauguration day arrived, the general feeling was: "At any rate, we are rid of Hoover." So that all of Roosevelt's popularity dates from after the time he took office.

It was clear enough, by 1934, that the course he had pursued was unusually popular, although he had already had the misfortune to issue the tragic order for the U.S. army to displace private airplane companies in carrying the mail for, in November, 1934, he increased his majority in both houses of Congress, something that no president in the history of the country had ever done after two years in office. What had happened was this, although it did not become unmistakably clear until last year.

Roosevelt had won the farmer vote, which had always been Republican. He had won the negro vote, which had always been Republican. As late as 1928 there were negroes in the country who believed, when they went to the polls, that they were still voting for Abraham Lincoln. He had won the organised labour vote, which had always been Republican. (Back in 1896, the Republican slogan was "a full dinner pail." In 1928, Hoover raised the ante to "two cars in every garage.")

He had won the vote of the young people in the country, generally inclined to be Republican because there had always been more independent thinking in the Republican party, which may seem curious in a conservative party, but which is nevertheless true.

But as late as the latter part of 1935, careful thinkers, informed minds, and experienced politicians were confident that Roosevelt could be beaten, and were able to assign specific reasons, any one of which, under other circumstances, would have been sufficient to defeat a presidential candidate in the United States. Among these reasons were: (1). The anti-Semitic feeling in the United States is too strong. Roosevelt's friendship for Henry Morgenthau, Jr., Secretary of the Treasury; Felix Frankfurter, of the Harvard law school faculty, champion of Sacco and Vanzetti; the late Jesse Isidor Straus, former ambassador to France; and Herbert H. Lehman, governor of New York, is bound to be resented. (2). He has proved himself incapable of speaking as glibly of the Deity as Americans expect their president to be, and *he fishes on Sunday*. (3). His wife talks too much, writes too much, and violates too many traditions of what a president's wife should be and do. His children drive too recklessly and get too many divorces. (4). He brought back the saloon. The State of Kansas, the orthodox Protestant clergy, and the Women's Christian Temperance Union will never forgive him. (5). The Knights of Columbus (Catholic) resent his refusal to intervene in Mexico in behalf of the Catholic church (6). The American Legion will not forget that he twice vetoed the immediate payment of the soldiers' bonus. (7). He is not a real friend of labour, and has never risen to defend civil liberties where they have been most outrageously traversed. He was appealed to in the case of the sharecroppers in Arkansas and of the textile strikers in Georgia. His attention was called to the fact that labour troubles claimed eighty-six lives in 1934 and 1935. Yet he had nothing to say.

"JUDGE NOT THAT YE BE NOT JUDGED"

A quotation much bandied by good Republicans regarding Mr. Roosevelt's threat to the power of the Supreme Court Judges. The President is seen here at the 100-dollar-a-plate Democratic Victory Dinner in Washington with Postmaster General J. Farley on the left

But none of these objections, and no other objection, had any influence on the voters whatsoever. In November, 1936, the voters locked the door of the country and handed him the key. Why?

In a country that is mainly confusion the answer is as simple as the alphabet. He won on the good old Republican slogan of "a full dinner pail." Although the whole Roosevelt administration is a challenge to the American form of government, the people did not vote on any principle of government at all. They felt no loyalty to the principle of government which the United States had developed, and they were not concerned with what form of government might displace it. They voted solely for what they believed to be their material well-being.

Taking the figures supplied by William Green, president of the American Federation of Labour, figures that are probably deficient because Green has little interest in labour outside the membership of his own organisation, it becomes perfectly clear what Roosevelt has done, and how he has captured the overwhelming majority of the American voters.

In 1929 there were 46,192,000 workers employed, and in 1930, the year after the crash, there were only 32,982,000 employed, a drop of 13,210,000. By 1933, the bottom of the depression, and the year that Roosevelt took office, there were only 35,959,000 employed, while unemployment had climbed from 1,864,000 in 1929 to 13,722,000. But, even so, with Roosevelt in office for 10 months, the employment figure for 1933 represented an increase of 81,000 over that of 1932, a year in which employment had decreased by 3,801,000 from the previous year. In other words, Roosevelt had immediately stopped the decrease in employment and started the increase; and the increasing process has never been interrupted since except in the one month of November 1936.

To show how true this is, in 1933, when employment was increased by 81,000, unemployment was increased by 541,000. Since the supply of American labour is increased annually by 500,000 new employables, it will be seen that, except for these new employables, Roosevelt immediately had the situation in hand, *as far as putting people to work* was concerned.

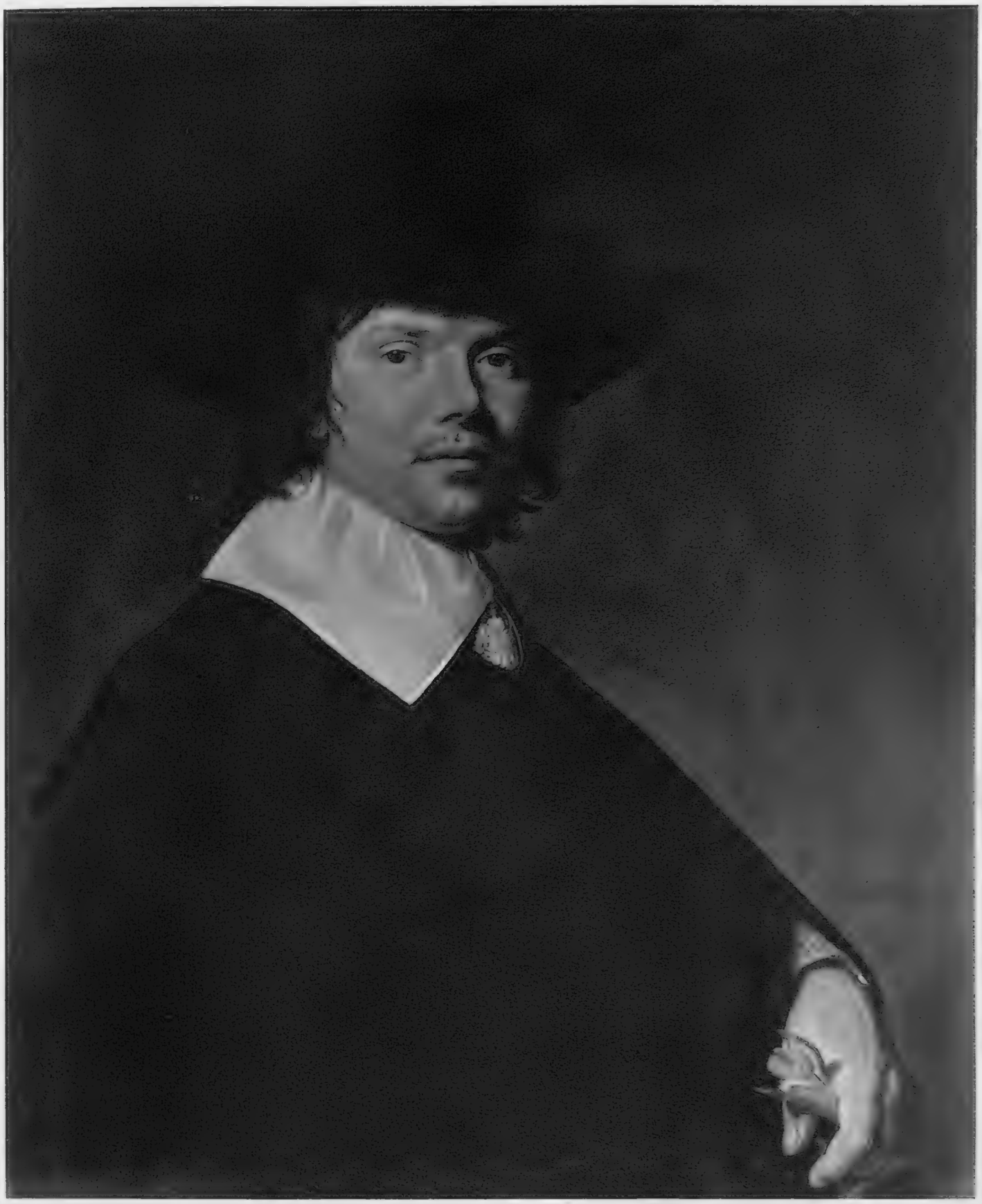
What has happened to date is that Roosevelt has cut down unemployment from 13,722,000 in 1933 to 10,106,012 in 1936, a reduction of 3,615,988. At the same time he has raised employment from 32,982,000 in 1930 to 42,379,586 in 1936, an increase of 9,388,586, making a total gain of 12,004,574.

Two things are not apparent to these people who are only aware that they have been put back to work. One is the cost at which they have been put back to work. The other is the question of how stable their employment is, and how it affects their economic future and that of their country. For there is little question but that Roosevelt is paving the way for the greatest economic collapse in history. Just what the national debt is to-day is not important; it will be greater to-morrow.

But there are these millions who have got jobs, which means that there are these millions who have got money, which means that there are these millions who have got food, clothing, and shelter. And over against this the Republican party had no leadership to offer. So you have the explanation of Roosevelt's power.

Nelson Springer

THE PRESIDENT AND HIS HENCHMEN: The members of the United States Cabinet pictured before a session. Left to right, back row—Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Henry Morgenthau, Jnr. (Secretary of the Treasury), Mr. Homer S. Cummings (Attorney General), Mr. Claude A. Swanson (Secretary of the Navy), Mr. Henry A. Wallace (Secretary of Agriculture), Miss Frances Perkins (Secretary of Labour), and Mr. John N. Garner (Vice-President). Left to right, front row—Mr. Cordell Hull (Secretary of State), Mr. Harry H. Woodring (Secretary of War), Mr. James A. Farley (Postmaster General and Chairman of the Democratic National Committee), Mr. Harold I. Ickes (Secretary of the Interior), and Mr. Daniel C. Roper (Secretary of Commerce)



IN THE FRANZ HALS MANNER: This "Portrait of a Man," by Johannes Verspronck, master of the Dutch School of the seventeenth century, has recently been acquired by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, through the bequest of Susan B. Colgate, and is the first work by this artist to be represented in the Museum's permanent collection. Verspronck, who was the son of a painter, was born and lived all his life in the town of Haarlem, where he fell inevitably under the influence of his brilliant fellow townsman, Franz Hals, and in a measure shared his extraordinary gift for seizing and expressing on canvas fleeting human emotions

LOST AND FOUND: The portrait of "Juno" by Rembrandt, all trace of which had disappeared until it was sold in Cologne last year for £60, and subsequently identified as an important missing work of the master. It is now on exhibition in New York, where it is attracting much attention

New York Acquires a Verspronck

And Other Items of Art Interest

The missing Rembrandt portrait of "Juno," which is reproduced on the left, has had an adventurous history and before being re-discovered in 1936 appears to have lain for thirty years or more in the cellar of a German museum, its identity unknown and its beauty shrouded by layers of grime. The picture was painted by Rembrandt four years before his death, at a time when he was deep in debt, and it was handed over to Harmen Becker as a return for past loans. It represents a rare phase of the artist's mature period

JAUME HUGUET'S "ST. GEORGE": This central part of a fifteenth century tryptich is on view at the Catalan Art Exhibition, Paris. The head of the saint is believed to be in the likeness of the Prince of Viana, the son of John II of Aragon, who rallied the Catalans to his aid in his feud against his father

ADORNING THE NEW LOOSDUINSCHE BRIDGE AT THE HAGUE: One of the very striking animal figures by Dirk Bus, a promising young Dutchman, which give character to an otherwise unremarkable structure and reveal to the full the manner in which sculptor and architect can work together

THE STAG: Another of the four animal figures made by Dirk Bus to adorn the approaches to the new Loosduinsche Bridge built at The Hague

Sculpture Allied With Architecture

The Art of Dirk Bus, a Young Dutch Craftsman with a Future

SCULPTURE has not hitherto been popular in Holland. There are advantages in this. It has kept the public places of the country free from the marble regiments of eighteenth-century soldiers in cocked hats and nineteenth-century statesmen in top hats that clutter up most European cities. The cause has not been lack of interest in notabilities, but in the art of sculpture.

To-day, however, Dutch sculpture looks like coming into its own, a circumstance due to three causes—first, the vigorous quality of the work being done (mostly under the influence of the Frenchmen Maillol and Despiau); secondly, the remarkable development of domestic and monumental architecture in Holland since the war; and thirdly, the crisis—instead of giving Dutch sculptors the dole, municipal and State authorities seek out the best of them and give them commissions.

The result has been some extremely fine work and the emergence of several young men who are obviously destined to do big things. Dirk Bus, still on the right side of thirty, is one of the most significant of these. I called upon him the other day in his big, bare studio in the middle of The Hague—a studio meant for hard work and not for parties, and characteristic of the artist. You would never guess from this modest, humorous young man and his bare studio that he had already had several very important commissions and was being talked about as a sculptor with a big future.

His best work so far has been the four animal figures decorating the new Loosduinsche Bridge at The Hague. Their originality is remarkable, but what astonishes one more than anything is the maturity and restraint of the artist as displayed in these figures. In spite of the architectonic quality—as exemplified in the clever pose of the stag—all four figures are strikingly natural in effect. The horse — one of those humorous creatures beloved of costers—is perfect.

The work of Dirk Bus is another example of the Dutch facility for combining the homely with the monumental.

Bus, at the age of twenty-eight, has a highly-developed and amusing sense of irony, which is strongly manifested in his portrait studies. A remarkable self-portrait is a good example of this aspect of his work. It created much discussion when recently exhibited in Amsterdam, and was purchased for the Municipal Museum at The Hague. One hopes that he will keep at portraiture; but he tells me that his chief preference is for work of an architectonic nature. He likes to work things out in relation to fixed environments—such things as the group on the Loosduinsche Bridge and the remarkable friezes on the great bridge of Saint Servatius at Maastricht.

R. E.

WROUGHT IN FRENCH LIMESTONE: "The Fawn" an example of garden sculpture by Dirk Bus—another phase of his activity. It is solid without being in the slightest degree heavy and the slightly modern treatment of the classic subject is distinctly refreshing

A RARE FIND: This portrait of Louis XI, that eccentric monarch of Villon's day who consolidated France by his great administrative gifts, was brought to light a short while ago by M. Ruprich-Robert, Inspector General of Historic Monuments in France, in the château of Rigault d'Oureille and has now been definitely identified by M. Wildenstein, the noted Paris art expert, as the work of Jean Fouquet (c. 1415-1485), the master who established a new school of French painting in the fifteenth century

Fouquet's Louis XI

A Notable Discovery in the Château of Rigault d'Oureille

THE striking painting reproduced above represents an unknown and hitherto unpublished portrait of Louis XI, by Jean Fouquet. Owing to a fortunate coincidence, this masterpiece of portraiture was identified a short while ago, when M. Ruprich-Robert, Inspector-General of Historic Monuments in France, wrote a treatise on the château of Rigault d'Oureille at Villeneuve-Lembron, and happened to give mention to a portrait of Louis XI that figured among the works of art in the château. M. Wildenstein, the Paris art expert, with the authoritative aid of M. Fernand Mercier, the expert on Fouquet, investigated and discovered that this was none other than an invaluable work by the hand of the great French master.

Rigault d'Oureille was born at the Château de Villeneuve-Lembron in 1455. He was Chamberlain to Kings Louis XI, Charles VIII, Louis XII, and François I. In 1515 he retired to the château of his ancestors in Auvergne, which he had restored and decorated with numerous art treasures, amongst which this remarkable portrait which, it is thought, must have been presented to him by the King as a token of gratitude or affection. The picture never left the château from that day until its recent discovery.

Examination under ultra-violet rays and radiography of the Villeneuve panel (17⅞ ins. × 11¼ ins.) has shown that this portrait of Louis XI—that able politician who was responsible for uniting the nation of France—is in perfect condition and untouched by restoration. Very careful cleaning has revealed this masterpiece in its original state and permits one to study the extremely characteristic technique of a layer of white foundation with heavy local applications of paint, in which the artist has indicated, by hollows, the wrinkles, and by ridges, the loose flesh.

Fouquet was born at Tours between 1415 and 1420, and died in 1480. At an early age he was already held in high esteem for his art which was related to that of the masters of Bruges. In 1442, he painted the famous portrait of Charles VII and, a year later, travelled to Italy where he executed a portrait of the Pope Eugene IV, for the sacristy of the Minerva at Rome. Back in France, in 1452, he found a zealous patron in Etienne Chevalier, for whom he did much fine work. It was he who commissioned him to execute the celebrated "Livre d'Heures." The original manuscript of this was, unfortunately, mutilated during the eighteenth century: forty illuminations were acquired by the Duc d'Aumale and can now be seen at the Condé Museum, Chantilly; the remaining four are in the possession of the Bibliothèque Nationale, the Louvre, and the British Museum.

A. W.

ALMADEN'S MERCURY MINES

Rich Deposits in the Cordoba Area, an Object of Contention in the Spanish Civil War through being an Essential in the Detonation of Fuses

KEY-POINT IN THE CIVIL CONFLICT: *Left*—The entrance to the main building of one of the mines of Almaden del Azogue in the Cordoba area of Spain, for the possession of which the rebels have been waging a bitter struggle. The mines, which are said to have been known to the Phœnicians as far back as 2,400 years ago and which were later worked by the Romans and the Moors, produce about 100 tons of mercury a month—a material essential in the detonation of fuses and thus essential in the prosecution of a war. *Right*—A surface worker engaged in filtering the mercury won from the galleries 1,000 ft. or more below ground

TESTING FOR PURITY: A workman standing by a gleaming bath of mercury. The merging of chemistry and scientific medicine into one at the beginning of the sixteenth century made great demands upon the Almaden mercury, which was used indiscriminately in almost every kind of medicine. Since then Almaden has steadily grown with the influx of workers. The mines, passing through French hands during the invasion of 1810, were leased by the Rothschilds from 1836-63, and eleven years later came into the hands of the present English owners

WORKERS OF ALMADEN.—*Left*—Taking the ore to the furnace and (*right*) men about to go down the shaft at the start of a shift. The atmosphere in the mines is deadly, playing havoc with the men's health, and as a result only convicts were employed there until recently. Now other labour has been attracted by the tempting offer of exemption from all military service

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THE UNWANTED WANDERER: Leon Trotsky (second from right), Commissioner for War and organiser of the Soviet Army under Lenin, seen with his secretaries at his new home in Mexico—the latest of the countries in which he has been allowed to take up residence. His permit to remain in Norway expired at the end of 1936 and was not renewed, as a result, it is assumed, of representations from Moscow. His application to receive asylum in Mexico was then granted, but with the stipulations that he not only must conform to Mexican law but refrain from Communist activity

WATCH AND WARD: Police on duty outside Trotsky's home. It is not known to what extent restrictions are being placed on his freedom of movement, as apart from political activity, but it seems probable they are not severe

DENOUNCING STALINISTS AND FASCISTS: These posters, issued by the Fourth Internationale, greeted Trotsky on his arrival in Mexico recently. In order to counteract their message, however, someone later painted them over with a swastika

TROTSKY FINDS REFUGE IN MEXICO

NEW LONDON MOURNS

The Human Side of the Tragic School Explosion in the East Texas Oilfields

The recent disaster in New London, in the Texas oilfields, in which more than 400 children met their deaths as the Consolidated School was blown to smithereens, is poignant in the extreme, even when viewed at a distance of 6,000 miles, but the accompanying account of its aftermath, pieced together from American Press cuttings, reveals the tragedy in all its heartrending detail.

GRIEF-STRICKEN fathers and mothers of this great oil-producing countryside to-day buried most of the children killed when the London Consolidated School was blown to dust by an explosion. Trucks, pick-up waggons, and hearses bore the coffins over the sunlit, winding roads from early morning to sundown. Seventy-five clergymen from various parts of East Texas presided at brief rituals, working in shifts. Grave-diggers expanded tiny graveyards to accommodate the dead.

INCOGNITO OF DEATH: The scene in the American Legion hall at Overton, Texas, as grief-stricken parents sought to recognise clothing salvaged from the wreckage of the blown-up Consolidated School at New London. So mangled were the bodies that in hosts of cases the clothing was the only possible means of identification

Scenes at the services were pitiful beyond description. Mothers, wasted with weeping, collapsed as the coffins were received by the graves. Surviving children sobbed as brothers and sisters vanished from their sight.

While the funeral processions wound over the hills, a military board of inquiry met in the band room to the rear of the spot where the school had stood. Testimony indicated that the tragedy might be traced to the decision of the building committee, in erecting the school four years ago, to install a gas-steam system instead of a hot-water-heating system because it was cheaper.

Major Gaston Howard, adjutant general of Texas, presiding over the court, announced at the outset that the session would not try to fix blame for the disaster. It would merely try to find the facts, he said, to prevent recurrence of such school accidents. Officials have not yet fixed the number of dead and injured. The nearest guess is about 400. Many bodies in morgues throughout Rusk County are still unidentified, some so mangled they will never be identified.

Plans for mass funerals, made by local clergymen yesterday, did not work out. Parents clung to their wish for individual services, except in many cases where two, three, or more children of one family had been killed. Embalmers had worked all through the night preparing the bodies for burial. The coffins were stacked under sheds, in fire houses and in funeral parlors, each tagged with a slip of paper bearing the child's name. In several cases mothers found the body of one child in one town, of another in another as time for the funerals drew near.

At Crim's Funeral Parlor in Henderson a young mother appeared at 7 o'clock this morning, borne up by the strong arm of her tight-jawed husband. She asked if her children had been prepared for burial. They were Betty Jo and Mary Ellen Harrington. "Betty Jo is number 96," the girl clerk told her. "We don't have Mary Ellen." The father and mother walked among the coffins in the great outside room, looking at the faces. They found Betty Jo. Mary Ellen's body was in another town and clerks began working telephones feverishly to find it.

Fathers who came to take their children away for burial were sent home to bring suits or dresses for their dead. They returned with garments they had bought for Easter. A great many of the children were buried in their Easter clothes.

A sort of chain system of services was resorted to in the tiny edifices in the various communities. Rituals were cut down to 10 or 15 minutes, new coffins being carried into the churches while the first were on their way out. One of the early services was in the little brick Baptist church on London Hill, not far from the spot where London School lay in ruins. It was hardly past 9 o'clock and a high, cold wind swept the hillsides.

In the unpainted little pine board Baptist church on Pleasant Hill, around the bend from the site of the London School, six coffins were carried over the worn threshold at noon. Every seat was filled and there was an overflow into the road. In the pulpit was the Rev. H. A. Elledge, young minister from Turnertown, which lies over the hill. He was working in shifts with two other ministers, one of them the Rev. J. R. Welch, pastor of Pleasant Hill.

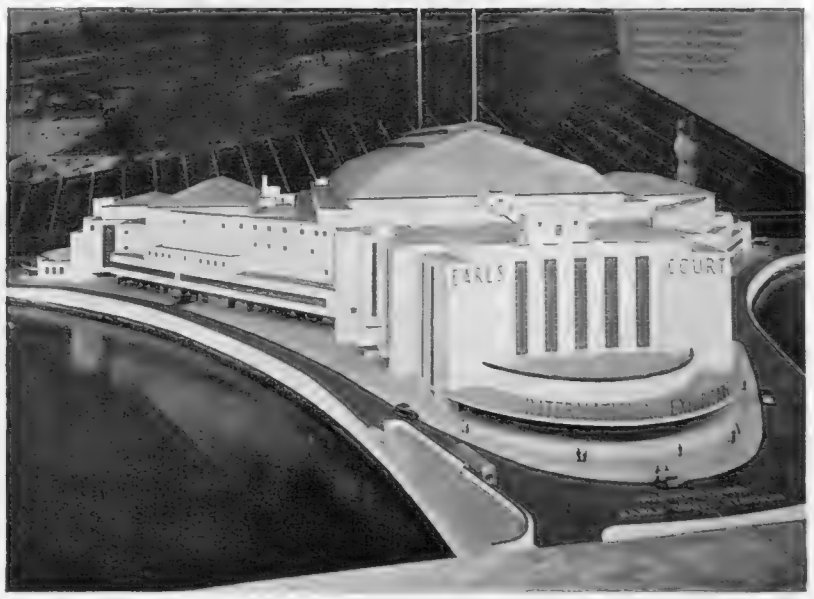
Of the six little white coffins ranged in rows before the altar, three held the bodies of the Phillips children: Virgil, who was thirteen; Twille Ruthe, who was eleven, and Rose Ann, five, the children of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Phillips.

A man called from the threshold of the old grey church. The funeral of Holly Barbary would be next, he announced. So it went on, all day. In London, in Overton, Shiloh, Kilgore, Longview, Tyler—in communities covering an area of some 40 sq. miles, the scene was multiplied over and over, until the blue sky darkened with sunset. Everywhere through the oil-derricked land funeral processions were winding. From the crest of every rise they could be seen for miles, the most pitiful cavalcade this nation has ever known.

ONE OF THE FORTUNATE FEW: Eleven-year-old James Kennedy, who was rescued unharmed from the debris of the Consolidated School at New London, Texas, where over 400 children died

The 1937 Earl's Court Takes Shape

LONDON'S NEW EXHIBITION CENTRE: An impression of the present state of the work at Earl's Court on the construction of the main hall of the vast building that is being put up to accommodate crowds at sporting functions and industrial displays. When completed it will be the largest reinforced concrete structure in Europe, containing 108,000 tons of concrete, 10,000 tons of steel, and covering an area of just over 9 acres. The total cost will be about £1,250,000



AS IT WILL LOOK WHEN COMPLETED: Two of the architects' models for the Earl's Court sporting and exhibition centre. *Left*—The convertible Main Hall which will be used both as a swimming pool and as a venue for boxing matches, mass meetings, or circus entertainments. The seating capacity will be approximately 23,000. *Right*—A general view of the building which will be six storeys high and linked to Earl's Court Underground Station by escalators

PRIVILEGED: Mrs. Wheelerbread, with a pitch on Palace Green, a few yards from the entrance to Kensington Palace, is one of the select band of London street traders exempt from taking out a licence each year as her stall is on the private property of Princess Louise and she receives permission to trade from Her Royal Highness

DECEIVING THE EYE WITH COLOUR: The down escalator at Piccadilly Circus tube station is at present being used in an experiment for camouflaging its depth which is so great that it is inclined to make some people giddy. Painters have put various shades of yellow on the roof to obtain the required effect

CORONATION PREPARA

The Great Carpets Arrive at the Abbey — The Construction of

OFFICIAL STYLES OF HAIRDRESSING which will be the vogue during the coming Coronation season seen at a display at a Mayfair hotel organised by the Incorporated Guild of Hairdressers. The coiffures in the foreground are suggested as the most suitable for wearing with a peeress's coronet, and those in the background as suitable for debutantes. Coronets are worn above light tiaras

AT THE ANNEXE ENTRANCE: The scene as workmen bore ... est-minster Abbey the boxes containing the carpets which have b... ally made for the Coronation by Messrs. Templetons of Glasgow ... reat blue carpet that will cover the nave and choir, stretchir... the

THE STANDS TAKE SHAPE: A mass of steelwork in course of construction in Parliament Square to provide accommodation for those fortunate thousands who will witness the arrival and departure of the King and Queen at the Abbey. The wait will be less at this Coronation as the length of the service has been reduced from 3 to 2 hours, the sermon and other items have been cut out

THE RISE OF THE ANNEXE: An overhead impression of the t...rary structure of steel framing and wood infilling, finished externally ...aster and treated to harmonise with the stonework of the Abbey, ... has been designed by Sir James West, C.B.E., F.R.I.B.A., and ...eing

ATIONS PROCEED APACE

the Annexe — The Coach Repaired and Taken to Buckingham Palace

st- | annexe before the west door to the Coronation "theatre," is 173 ft. long
lly | and 17 ft. wide and is of chenille Axminster of exceptional fineness, having
eat | more than 1,700 separately spun threads of fine worsted to the square inch.
he | Gold carpets will be laid in the theatre, the sanctuary, and the traverses

THE MARQUESS OF ABERDEEN AND TEMAIR in the robes he will wear at the Coronation. The mantle is of crimson velvet edged with miniver, and the miniver cape has 3½ rows of ermine (four on one side and three on the other). The coronet has four silver balls and four golden strawberry leaves placed alternately

ary | set up at the west door. There will be one entrance for the King and
ter | Queen and another for the peers and peeresses, and within will be a
nas | great hall, two smaller halls, and Royal retiring rooms. Fine tapestries,
ing | lent by the Duke of Buccleuch and Lord Duveen, will adorn the interior walls

ROYAL GREYS DRAW THE SHROUDED CORONATION COACH: The 4-ton vehicle, which was first used at an opening of Parliament in the reign of George III and has been employed at every Coronation since that of George IV, on its way to Buckingham Palace after being renovated by a firm of Chelsea coach builders

AT THE CAFÉ BY THE NEVA: The proprietor (Leo von Pokorny) with some of the picturesque Russian gipsy dancers in *Balalaika*—the successful costume play which is drawing such big crowds to His Majesty's. Lucy Peters and Kay Dillon are on the left and Barbara Glen is on the extreme right

COSSACK OFFICERS DISCUSS THE NEWS: The soldiers are a great feature of the musical play at His Majesty's, lending added colour to this colourful entertainment. Here, reading from left to right, are Atkinson Crawford, Leo Lunt, Dennis O'Sullivan, and Ronnie Hyde

A TOUCH OF REAL RUSSIA ON THE STAGE: Another special "Sphere" picture taken a few days ago at His Majesty's Theatre, where *Balalaika* has now passed its hundredth performance. Reading from left to right are Wladimir Zaaloff, Clio Nordi, and Pavel Federoff

DRAMA of TO-DAY

New Impressions of Two Picturesque Costume Shows which are Playing to Crowded Houses: Anthony Armstrong Again Turns to Murder

By PHILIP PAGE

THAT renowned pedagogue, Mr. Wackford Squeers had, it will be remembered, an original system of education How to spell "window"? "w-i-n—win, d-e-r—der—winder. And now go out and clean 'em."

The system in vogue at Kingsgate School, the scene of *Come Out to Play*, had some points of resemblance. But it had nothing to do with real windows. The headmaster was an earnest fellow, concerned with the windows of the soul in its relation to matters of the flesh. His idea seemed to be that, left to himself in sex matters, the average schoolboy is apt to develop into a nasty-minded and prurient little animal. Schoolboys are pretty certain to do that anyway; but the phase is a passing one and 90 per cent. of them emerge reasonably decent though hardly Sir Galahads. The Kingsgate schoolmaster quarrelled with the school's governors in his contention that sex matters must be adequately explained to the boys, that a little knowledge is dangerous while full knowledge is positively antiseptic.

That theory has its partisans, though to me it seems about as wrong as it could possibly be. However, it is my business to consider not the advantages or disadvantages of detailed biological instruction but the virtues or failings of the play on this subject, now at the Kingsway. This was originally produced for a private performance or two and has since been deodorised to some extent, since in the opinion of the censor what was proper for Kingsgate schoolchildren is not proper for Kingsway audiences. If the schoolmaster was not quite so rude as to say Squeers-like, "such is my explanation of sex. Now go out and get busy with the winders," that was the result of his methods. For one of his pupils climbed out of a window at night to meet in a wood a young schoolgirl who had climbed out of her window, and in that mauve moonlight not much was left to the imagination.

Here the story as well as the pupils got in a bit of a tangle, with much extraneous melodramatic stuff with policemen and accusations of burglary. But in the main the authors, who are themselves, I learn, very young, have written a healthy play which might have been a rather unhealthy one. Their intentions are admirable and they can keep one interested in their plot even when, like some of the characters, it goes off the rails.

Mr. Geoffrey King avoided making the headmaster a prig, and Miss Netta Westcott could not avoid (nor was it intended that she should) making his wife detestable. Miss Moira Lynd's devoted secretary was a prettily sincere piece of work.

HERO AND HERO In *The Vagabon* cuts a fine figure is holding in rine de Vance

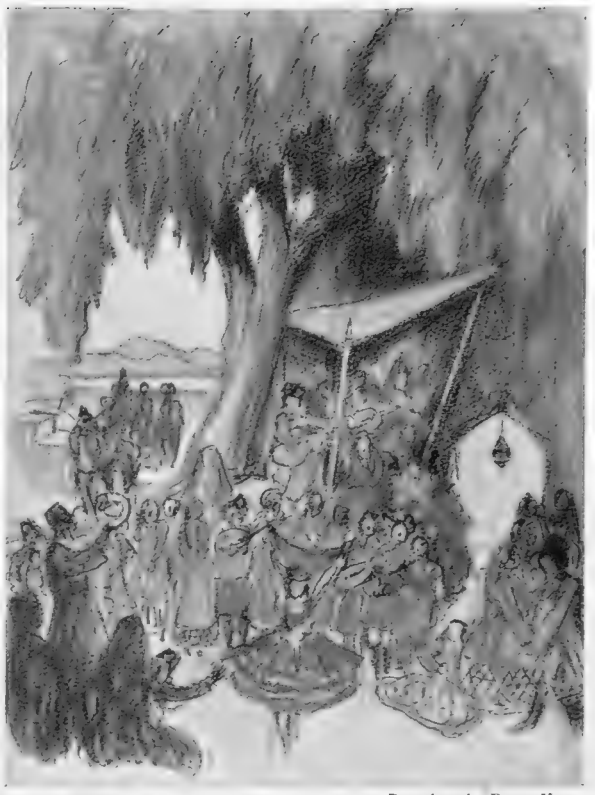
"Mile Away Murder."—Mr. Anthony Armstrong, who wrote that deservedly successful murder play, *Ten Minute Alibi*, has again turned to murder. His play at the Duchess concerns the mystery of the Davenport brothers.

These do not, like the Davenport brothers of never-mind-how-many years ago in real life, practise spiritualism, real or pretended. Sir Robert Davenport disappears from the scene very early in the play. Mr. Oliver Johnston, who played the small part most impressively, having indulged in one of the longest pauses I have ever known on any stage, paused for ever, as it were. He slipped from his chair, where he had been attending to his correspondence, and quietly died Heart attack? No. Examination revealed deadly poison. Suicide? Again, no. Never mind why not. It will add to your excitement to ponder and to watch the development.

Murder therefore. On the principle, born of experience of at least fifty murder-cum-detective plays, of suspecting the least likely person in the cast to be the criminal, I suspected the old lady who arranged the flowers on Sir Robert's table and sobbed over his corpse with suspicious heartiness (Miss Lucie Evelyn). Then the pretty blonde who was so suspiciously sure that the murderer was—well, never mind (Miss Gillian Maude). Then her doctor fiancé because he knew all about poisons (Mr. John Teed). Then each and everyone of the army of detectives, policemen, etc., notably Mr. Evelyn Roberts (bucolic and amusingly stupid) and Mr. Walter Hudd (from Scotland Yard, cool and very sure of himself). These were all, by the way, first-rate performances.

What about the other Davenport brother, Mr. Joseph Davenport? Since he told someone in Act I that he *did* murder his brother and showed himself throughout the play to be a sinister, hectoring person, with brandy and soda and attempted rape as his hobbies, and since, also, he hated Sir Robert and had very good reason for bumping him off, by all the laws of probability (in

FROM TAVERN TO PALACE Villon Welchman) is here seen w Hugu successful revival of *Vaga*



AT PRINCE KARAGIN'S BALL ON THE EVE OF THE REVOLUTION: Perhaps the most colourful scene on the London stage at the present time occurs in *Balalaika* at His Majesty's Theatre. Prince Karagin is here seen being toasted by his guests who are all in old Russian dress —furred coats, jewelled head-dresses of a fête Boyar. *On right*—The scene at the café by the Neva when the gipsy singers entertain the guests

Drawings by Percy Home

THE HEROINE OF "BALALAIKA": Attractive Muriel Angelus, no newcomer to London musical comedy, pictured during a recent performance. Her songs add greatly to the charm of the play

RUSSIA OF THE OLD SCHOOL: Prince Karagin (Jerrold Robertshaw) is the father of Count Peter who is in love with Lydia, a dancer at the Imperial Ballet

...rder plays) he should have been as innocent of the crime as Miss ...irley Temple or the Archbishop of Canterbury. Perhaps this play is ...ttle different. And Joseph did live a mile away from his brother.

I was delighted that Joseph, unlike his brother, lived through the whole play, all but the last two minutes. For the part is played by Mr. D. A. Clarke-Smith, who has never played any part badly yet. He is able to do what lamentably few of his post-war contemporaries can do—to "take the stage," as the old-timers called it. He is enormously versatile, and whatever the capacity in which he appears, you know that he is there. I have seen Mr. Clarke-Smith in plays in which he has acted everyone else clean off the stage. That this is not the case in *Mile Away Murder* is not due to any falling off, but to the fact that the all-round standard of acting is exceptionally high.

...LD FRANCE: ...rry Welchman ...cois Villon. He ...s Lady Kathe- (Maria Elsner)

"Swing is in the Air."—Palladium revues remain true to type, and *Swing is in the Air* keeps to the rules. If anything, it is even louder than its predecessors—and funnier. There is only one lapse from both precedent and wisdom. Why Mr. Bud Flanagan should have been selected to sing a perfectly serious patriotic song I cannot imagine, unless this arrangement was intended deliberately to be the last word in craziness. Possibly Mr. Flanagan insisted on singing a patriotic song, in which case I applaud his spirit. But I would sooner applaud his spirit than listen to such manifestations of it. There is no reason why Mr. Flanagan should not be seriously patriotic; indeed, if he is (and I do not doubt it), so much the better. But he should be seriously patriotic in private and not on the Palladium stage.

For the rest, he works as a comedian harder than ever and with even better effect. His resource is amazing and he has the knack of giving his amusing "buttings-in" the effect of being impromptu, as, probably, some of them are. With Mr. Allen as his accomplice, all is well with the humour of *Swing is in the Air*. "Swing" being the latest word (from America of course) of the form of light music which was called something else last year and will be called something entirely different next—only the tunes remain much the same—the presence of a superlatively good band for performing it is essential. Mr. Jack Hylton and his band supply the need; in their own line they have many rivals but beat them all. Mr. Hylton also figures in the revue other than as a conductor, and as his is a pleasantly cheerful personality, so much the better.

Mr. Frank Libuse and a myriad other musical, instrument-playing, singing, dancing, burlesquing etc., turns from America contribute material that is in the main desirable. The show is a little weak in female talent, but in all other respects as strong as strong can be.

Villon, the vagabond poet (Harry ...) Huguette (Sylvia Welling) in the *...agabond King* at the Coliseum

Royal Philharmonic Concert.—Dr. Vaughan Williams, helped by Sir Thomas Beecham and the orchestra and choir of the Royal Philharmonic Society are unlike Mr. Bud Flanagan in that they can make a patriotic display in public and get away with it.

The final concert of the "Phil" season was notable last week for the first performance of a piece of music written very much for an occasion.

(*Continued on page* 92)

THE SPLENDIDLY DRESSED DANCERS IN THE MAZURKA: The production of *Balalaika* is marked by very rich and elaborate dressing. Each costume is a veritable delight to the eye. From left to right in this group are Wladimir Zaarloff, Christine Spencer, Jean Cameron, John Ward, Jane Seymour, and Ronnie Hyde

THE R.A. SELECTION COMMITTEE IN SESSION: The scene at Burlington House as the selectors began their marathon task of judging the 16,000 or more pictures submitted for this year's Royal Academy. Canvases appear before them at the rate of about 170 an hour and an immediate vote is taken by a show of hands, works being either accepted, rejected, or placed in the category of "doubtful" which means they get another chance. Dame Laura Knight (third from right), who became an R.A. last year, has the distinction of being the first woman ever chosen to help in the exhausting task of judging which takes approximately a fortnight of incessant work

The Annual Agony of SENDING-IN DAY

A Personal Narrative

BURGOS sat down at last. He drummed with his fingers on the table and tapped the floor incessantly with his feet, until at last Gus turned on him and shouted "For the love of Allah, shut up! How was I to know you didn't keep a note of the labelling before the beastly things went off."

To understand this mystery we must go back a period of three weeks. Sending-in time for the Royal Academy. The time in which the artist, willy nilly, has to choose the three best examples from the year's work and submit them to the critical eyes of a selection committee. A committee composed of? There's the snag . . . who knows . . . except those of the august circle? Burgos had worked hard between times of teaching and pot boiling for financial reasons on the work, which as he put it, expressed himself.

His studio was off the King's Road, and except for the inevitable leak in the top light, was not a bad spot for work, and he had tried desperately to produce the goods to put him on the artistic map. Experience was at last teaching him to break away from some of the priggish art-studenty fetters which had stuck for nearly five years, but even now he vacillated between the "financially indefinite" subject picture and the "financially definite" portrait. The previous day to sending-in day, Sitric, a blatant fellow and a moderate painter in the modern manner, had told him to leave the old R.A. alone—who goes there, anyway, nowadays, and what had he got to send? "Two portraits and a nude." "That settles it, you silly ass. They *don't want* portraits, and your nudes are too rude for 'em. Don't you know who's on the 'hanging,'" and then he had whispered, "I happen to know there's ——— and ——— and ——— on this year and you won't stand an earthly."

Burgos returned to his studio, depressed at the outlook, to find Gus, the dearest pal and best gal he had, waiting. He knew there was the rub, that to her this Academy business was everything—because if he could prove his talent to her old guv'nor (a business gent) by being hung in the R.A. the opposition to her engagement to him would at least go off the boiling point.

Gus soon ferreted out the reason of the glum face and over supper tried to cheer him up; in vain, for had he not got three portraits and one nude, all of them damned after the inside information from Sitric. Still, a decision had to be made. He couldn't send Cheeseman's (of the city) portrait with old —— on the committee, he wouldn't have it I'll bet you anything, and Cheeseman would never think the same about the d . . . d thing if it was chucked. At 2 o'clock in the morning things stood like this. A fancy portrait of Gus, another of a decorative musical pal next door, and a nude were decided on, only additions were necessary. The musician must have a new background and the nude was to have some drapery

Burgos worked like the devil himself all day on the alterations and when Gus came in at five o'clock he was still struggling with the drapery composition in one corner. Gus said nothing until the bored model had smirked off and then burst out with "You've done it. They're muddy and all out of key." She soon illuminated his faults so clearly that Burgos threw the canvas to the floor and damned it and himself to perdition. At 9.30 that night Burgos decided upon the Cheeseman portrait and the one of Gus and determined to send his full quota of three. He searched out a wee 14 by 10 holiday sketch of a tree on a windy day and added this, as he said, as a makeweight. Gus rushed out and got a taxi and away to Burlington House back entrance, which by the time they arrived looked more like a mortuary than the entrance gate to fame.

That was three weeks ago—twenty-one days on which Gus had said, "Don't worry; they can't throw work like that out, dear." Three weeks of suspense, not helped by the fact that Mrs. Cheeseman's daily inquiry, "Was Mr. Cheeseman hung?" made him wish he was—in person—and now the dreaded card had arrived by post: "The Council regrets, etc., that owing to, etc., they do not want Nos. 1 and 3, etc."

Burgos heard the day before the "Chucks" were out, and he had hoped for the best, and now here was the dreaded card, "Nos. 1 and 3," but oh! darn it all, in the hectic rush of labelling neither of them remembered the order of the labels, and, even supposing to-morrow brought the much-coveted card of acceptance, who and what was No. 2? In desperation Burgos had the temerity to phone a certain R.A. and inquired: "Had he on his varnishing days seen anything of Burgos' picture?" The academician, a kindly soul, did his best, but could not recollect anything answering to the descriptions. Burgos had to wait again.

The coveted card arrived on Saturday morning, and all that week-end, whilst he swore to put the whole thing out of his mind, he couldn't; even the Café Royal failed to lift the weight, and not until Monday morning could he get relief. Then, ashamed of his anxiety, he went up the stairs of Burlington House and with an attempted air of indifference entered the galleries. Keeping a vigilant eye open for his masterpiece, alas, in due course he arrived back at the point from which he started, but no sign of his picture.

In consternation Burgos dashed down to the vestibule where the draft catalogue is placed, and waiting his turn at last found his name and number, the key to the magic position, and then he went feverishly back again round the galleries and there, in No. 7 room, in a corner, well up, was the makeweight.

THEIR MASTERPIECES: Artists arriving at Burlington House with their pictures on sending-in day for oils. *Left*—Mr. Robert Gills brought along some landscapes. *Right*—Mr. Russell Reeve, R.B.A., has done a striking portrait of himself in Tudor costume with the apt title "Private Life"

SWELLING THE TOTAL: Some more of the 16,000 pictures that are fighting for a place in this year's Academy. Of the 14,000 entries last year, only 1,635 were accepted. *Left*—Mr. Greenlie Steel with his pictures. *Right*—"The Modern Musician" is the title of this work by Mr. W. H. Proberts, which the artist is showing to a friend on the pavement outside Burlington House

WAITING IN "STONY SILENCE": Some of the hundreds of sculpture entries ready for submission to the selectors. Busts, bas reliefs, and symbolic statuary incongruously arrayed together

Where the Snows Lingered

EN ROUTE FOR WARMER PASTURES: Shepherds coaxing newly-born lambs through a gateway with the ewes when taking them from the upland pastures to warmer grasslands in the valley from which the snow has disappeared. A scene near Great Ryle, Northumberland

On right—AS WINTER DREW TO A CLOSE IN THE NORTHUMBRIAN HIGHLANDS: Hardy hillside sheep grazing among the stubble grass at last nearly free from the snow that has shrouded it almost continuously of recent weeks. Rising in the background are the majestic, snow-clad slopes of the Cheviots, marking the Northumbrian - Roxburgh borderland

Preserving Rural Cambridgeshire

On left — THREATENED: Looking towards Cambridge from the neighbouring hills along the old Roman road that runs through picturesque country from Colchester to Huntingdon. There is a danger of considerable building development in this as yet unspoilt area, and, as a result, a campaign was recently launched to obtain £50,000 to preserve the western and southern slopes of the Gog and Magog Hills, Mr. Hugh Walpole and Mr. H. V. Morton addressing the inaugural meeting. So far £5,000 has been forthcoming towards the total that is required, the donors being the Pilgrim Trust

WHOLE-HEARTED ROMANTICISM

★

HOW lovely women could be if only they did not take life so seriously. Or perhaps it is themselves that they take seriously—which, of course, makes it worse than ever, for gaiety and a sympathetic lightness of mind are the secrets of charm.

What a chance they have this year, if only they will take it. Romantic fabrics, the loveliest colours in the world, and lines that are as graceful as a poem, slender or full, according to one's mood, and in accordance with one's figure.

Somewhere, deep down in your mind, hidden beneath layers of bread-and-butter plans, there is a dress that you have always wanted to wear, yet never owned. It may be light, pastel coloured and graceful like a flower: it may be dramatic, with the swirling skirts and brilliant hues of Spain: it may be moulded like a sheath, with only the glow of jewels to give it life or a floating scarf to veil it in richness. Whatever it is, you'll be able to find it this year, and you'll find ample opportunities of wearing it in this magnificent Coronation season.

Chiffon, never entirely banished, since women will wear it whether fashion recognises it or not (and how wise they are!) is back again, very much in favour, and very beautifully handled by most of the famous designers. Usually it has about it some definite touch of sophistication, perhaps in the combination of colours used, for where the dress is plain it is often veiled by a sleeveless chiffon coat in a deeply contrasting shade; and at other times four, five—even twelve—colours are set together in one frock, as bands, as intricately draped scarves, as floating sashes.

At the head of this page is a very lovely chiffon dress in palest pink. Exquisitely simple, it sweeps out at the back to form a train, and the corsage is softly draped across the front. The crossed shoulder straps are closely embroidered with bugle beads, and against the left arm is a cluster of large roses, in pink and mauve and faded violet. A dress to wear often and to love, since it would always make one look one's best.

Our other two frocks are black, diaphanous, easy to wear, but full of distinguished fashion news. The seated girl is wearing lace, with tiny ruchings at the neck, and very narrow shoulder straps. But it is the hem of the dress that focuses attention. Enormously full, it spreads about her feet, sparkling with rainbow colours, from the pale blue of the first ruching, through tones of yellow, red, pink, and emerald. It has wit, this frock, and gaiety, and it is fun to wear.

The standing girl wears net, with toadstool buttons down the front studded with diamanté, and folds which run across the corsage and then slope down to accent the sweep of the train. You'd notice it anyway, because it is exciting, and because it introduces the newest note of all. Lingerie touches of white organza, embroidered, and set on like scrolls. All three dresses come from the Model Gown Department at Harrods, of Knightsbridge, where you may study every trend of fashion.

NORWAY'S new PRINCE CHRISTENED

And Other Events of Personal Interest

ENSURING THE SUCCESSION: Little Prince Harald—the first Royal Norwegian Prince born in Norwegian territory for 600 years—is the son of Crown Prince Olav and Crown Princess Marthe (sister of the late Queen Astrid of Belgium) and was christened a few days ago at Oslo. His voice was heard throughout the country as he cried loudly during the ceremony which was broadcast. *Left*—The Royal christening group showing seated in the foreground Crown Princess Marthe with her three children, Princess Ragnhild, Prince Harald, and Princess Astrid. *Standing*—Queen Maud of Norway, Princess Margaretha of Denmark, Princess Ingeborg of Sweden, King Haakon of Norway, Prince Flemming of Denmark, Crown Prince Olav of Norway, Prince Carl of Sweden, and Prince George of Denmark

PARENTAL PRIDE: Herr and Frau Rainer, father and mother of the Austrian star Luise Rainer, at the first night of their daughter's film, *The Good Earth*, at the Palace Theatre, to see which they journeyed from Austria

RUSSIAN INSPIRATION was evident in these smart costumes worn by Miss Susan Bligh and Miss Diana Bethel when they acted as bridesmaids at the wedding of Mr. Alexander Cameron and Miss Grant Sturgis

FRILLS AND FURBELOWS: Two of the little bridesmaids and page leaving All Souls, Langham Place, after the wedding of Mr. Alan Sherman James, of Calcutta, and Miss Grace Temple, of Hoylake, Cheshire

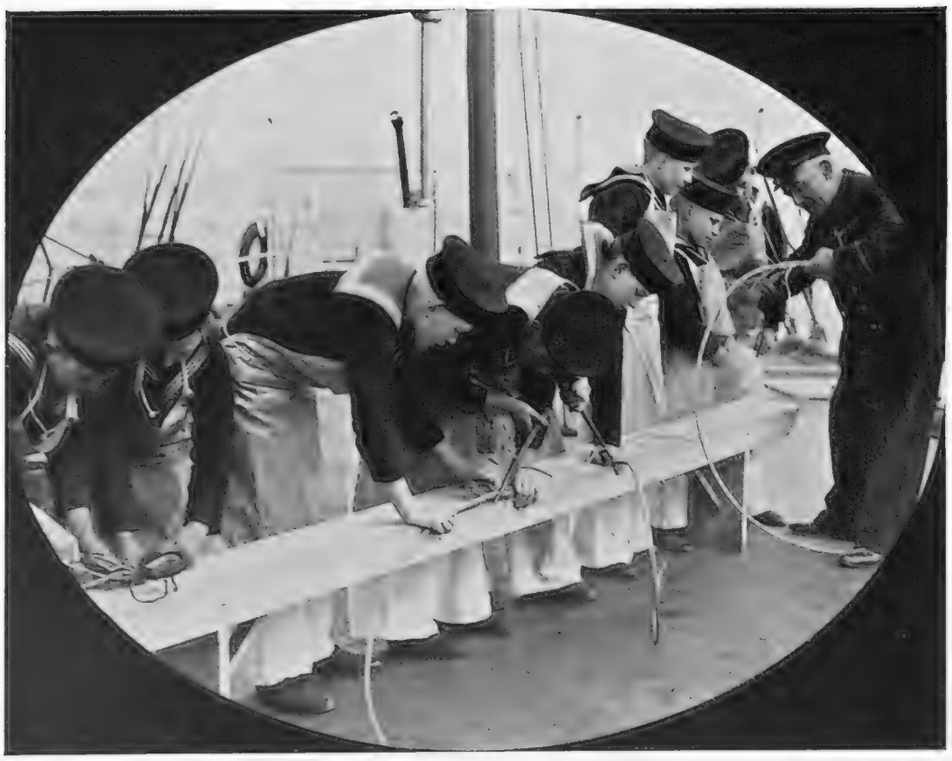
EDINBURGH WEDDING: Mr. Kenneth Bulstrode Lloyd Davidson, the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, only son of Colonel C. J. L. Davidson, and the Hon. Elizabeth Younger, daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Younger of Leckie, leaving the Cathedral Church of St. Mary after their wedding. The guard of honour was provided by sergeants of the bridegroom's regiment

"THE THREE NONCHALANTS": This trio of Washington University graduates, who were originally discovered by an American journalist while playing in a college amateur revue, have since achieved distinction in the U.S. with their breakneck comedy acrobatics and are now appearing in London at the new All Star Midnight Variety recently presented for the first time, at Grosvenor House

SEA CADETS and the NAVY LEAGUE

The Driving Power of Lord Lloyd and the Generosity of Lord Nuffield Create Opportunities for the Empire's Youth

By CHARLES GRAVES



LEARNING THE ROPES! Some of the fifty-two boys of the Navy League's training ship *Stork*, which is moored in the Thames half a mile above Hammersmith, receiving instruction in the art of wire-rope splicing

I AM ashamed to say that until this week I knew nothing about the Navy League, except that it existed. And yet it is an admirable institution over forty years old. Oddly enough, it owes its origin to a magazine article written by the late Professor Spenser Wilkinson in 1896. Since its inauguration over 30,000 boys have been trained in the British Isles alone and thousands more in the Dominions and Colonies.

Originally, however, the Navy League was a purely patriotic Association which had as its chief object a diehard resistance to all attempts to reduce the British Navy below the limits of national and imperial safety. This it has endeavoured to carry out by issuing literature on naval, marine, and overseas subjects, arranging lectures to Rotary clubs, literary societies, and other organisations, organising prize essay competitions in schools on maritime subjects. Incidentally, it raised over half a million pounds for the relief of widows and dependants and children of the men of the Royal Navy, the Merchant Navy and auxiliary forces who lost their lives in the war, notably at Jutland.

Until, however, Lord Lloyd joined the organisation in 1931 it was a somewhat somnolent affair. With his arrival new life was breathed into it and the Navy League Sea Cadet Corps was improved out of all recognition. Even now there are only 3,000 of them, but the offer of £50,000 by Lord Nuffield towards the cost of extending the corps, conditional on £100,000 being raised from other sources, has added a powerful fillip. "The way of Great Britain is upon the sea," and as has been well said, the greatness of the Empire had its origin in the Englishman's love of seafaring and aptitude for it. In these days of high wages in industrial cities there is a grave danger of our traditional interest in seamanship fading. Already the ships flying the British flag are manned with a high percentage of foreigners, and if the growing generation loses the seaman's touch entirely, the British Empire is in for a bad time.

To maintain our position as a nation of carriers and traders, this country needs not only good ships but also good men to man them; and with the various inducements to keep boys ashore, the spirit of adventure which attracted youth in the days of the sail needs encouragement. According to Admiral Lord Cork and Orrery, sea cadet training leaves an unmistakable mark. Those who have had such training show greater intelligence, more self-reliance, and greater trustworthiness than the general level of their contemporaries. It was Lord Lloyd who said that he envied the training methods abroad, particularly in Germany and Italy. The insistence of Hitler and Mussolini on the fitness of the young generation badly needs a parallel in this country. The rejection of two out of every three potential recruits for the army by the War Office as physically unfit is certainly a terrible indictment of this country. Statisticians prove that 70 per cent. of those over fourteen years of age in Great Britain cannot obtain physical training. What is more, crime records show that since 1911 the number of juveniles charged with indictable offences has risen from 12,000 to 18,000 a year. It is easy to associate this decline in morals with the lack of physical training. And yet, in the past few years, when public feeling was not so sympathetic with physical training and national matters as now, Navy League organisations were banned entirely in many parts of the country because they refused to give up training.

LIFE ABOARD THE "STORK"

SEMAPHORE CLASS: One of many phases of instruction on board the Navy League's training ship, where boys of just before and after school-leaving age are prepared for careers in the Navy and Merchant Service

THE BRISK RIVER AIR gives these youngsters healthy appetites

TECHNICALITIES: One of the ship's instructors lectures to the boys grouped around him on deck. *On right* — The *Stork* at her moorings on the tideway

At the present minute there are thirty units affiliated under the Navy League Sea Cadet Corps plan. The majority of them are officially recognised by the Admiralty and are inspected annually by an Admiralty officer. To these units a small grant is made by the Government in respect of boys between the ages of twelve and eighteen. But this is quite inadequate to meet the expense of the units which include such items as the provision of uniform, the acquisition and maintenance of boats, instructional gear, band instruments, the hire of drill halls, and the cost of summer camps. The Navy League Flag Day on October 21 is of some assistance in this direction, but it is clear that Lord Nuffield's generous offer is as intelligent as all his other gifts or offers of gifts to the nation.

The object of the Sea Cadet Corps is to continue the training of boys just before and after school-leaving age in habits of discipline, duty, and self-respect; and those wanting to join the Royal Navy or Merchant Navy are assisted in the attainment of their ambition. Officers and instructors give their services voluntarily, and the training consists of seamanship, signalling, boat work, first aid, and physical training.

In addition to the *Stork* and other training ships directly maintained by the branches of the League, various Naval Brigades for the sea training of boys have been maintained. These exist in various parts of Great Britain, Canada, Australia, South Africa, and New Zealand. With the money that Lord Nuffield has promised conditionally it is intended to establish new branches of the Sea Cadet movement in London, Leeds, Swansea, Leicester, Cromer, Southend, and Cheshire. Branches already exist in Battersea, Brighton, Canterbury, Cardiff, Newport (Mon.), Sheffield, Stockport, Rotherhithe, and Hull among other places.

It is Lord Lloyd's ambition as President of the Navy League "to see all the great industrial centres of Britain linked by the formation of new and healthy units of the Sea Cadet Corps. I want," he says, "to see them established wherever there is need and desire for such organisations, and I want to know that they are thoroughly equipped with gear, recreation grounds and camps."

In the course of a few months the average Sea Cadet is transformed from the raw material of unkempt urchin into a smart, alert, vigorous young seaman. Most of the boys come from the poorer homes in industrial districts, and in many cases the parents of unemployed lads have contributed out of their own pockets to the local unit.

Readers of THE SPHERE who are interested in the movement can arrange to be shown over the *Stork*, the training ship, half-a-mile above Hammersmith Bridge where fifty-two boys are installed. The day begins with seamanship before breakfast. Those of school age then go off. Others old enough to be errand boys, or who earn their living in any other way, also depart, but return for the midday meal. From five o'clock onwards they learn boxing, physical training, and even boot repairing. They also receive lectures under the aegis of the L.C.C. These particular boys are all sons of ex-service men, mostly soldiers. In the last two years thirty of them have gone into the Merchant Service and ten into the Royal Navy. Besides Commander Grant there are two resident officers and four visiting instructors.

I have not yet seen the Herbert Wilcox production of *Our Fighting Navy*, which is to be shown in London in the next few days. It will be the first time, however, that the Admiralty through the intervention of the Navy League has permitted the Navy to co-operate in a big English film. Battleships, battle cruisers, and destroyers all figure in it. The story was written by "Bartimeus" with collaboration by Guy Pollock and H. T. Bishop. It was produced under the direction of Captain Norman Walker and Commander Russell Grenfell, R.N., acting liaison officer. Among the cast are H. B. Warner, Noah Beery, Richard Cromwell, Robert Douglas, and Miss Hazel Terry. It is a thrilling story of adventure, with a sea fight and the complete destruction of a rebel battleship, 15-in. guns and all. Let us hope it brings further recognition to the Navy League and its Sea Cadet Corps.

William Davis

This England . . .

The Malvern Hills.

A WINDBREAK of trees, planted a couple of centuries ago to shelter some simple dwelling, is a commonplace of our ripe landscape. So, too, do our villages nestle "underwind" in the friendly bosom of the hills. Difficult building that makes, and steep streets to climb, but we like our comforts in this England and will pay the price. For we will do battle with the elements year in and year out, but at the day's close we must have our old-fashioned comforts—and not the least of these is our glass of Worthington.

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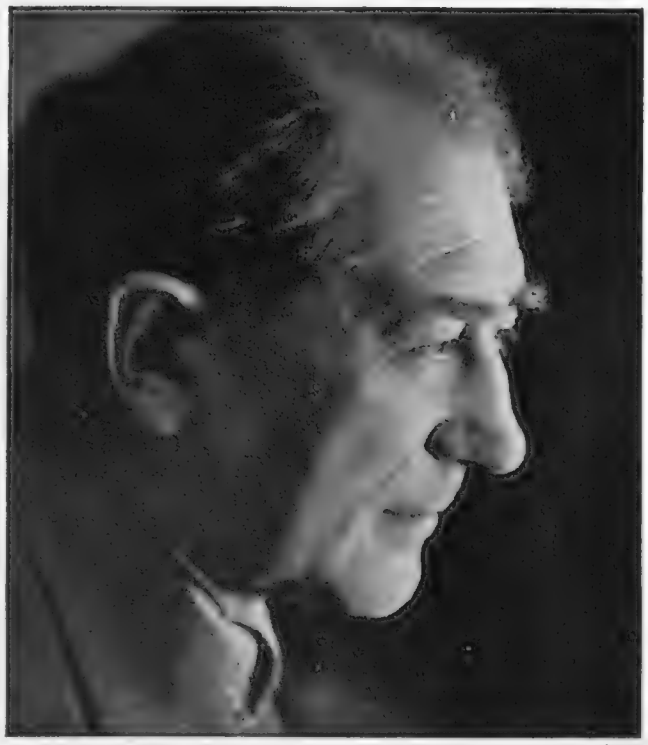
THE WORLD OF BOOKS

E. P. Leigh-Bennett Takes an Interest in "The Other Man's Job"



Paul

LOOKING BACK: Sir John Squire, whose new book of reminiscences, *The Honeysuckle and the Bee*, tells of adventures on the road to Devonshire. Vernon Fane reviews it on this page

ONE way is as good as another, especially if one has an invention above the chronological crudities of the cradle to whatever is round the corner. So why not, indeed, seize a beaker of the current nostalgia and take a picaresque pull at memory's springs upon the easy path of the open road?

Our scholar was no gipsy but "regularly walked home from Cambridge to Devonshire." Which, by any standards, in any year, and by the shades of old man Macadam, is one hell of a walk; with special reference to the word "regularly."

So it was that "In the year 1907 I walked from Devonshire to London in ragged clothes and with a horrible beard—breaking the journey for a night or two at Balliol where I temporarily lapsed into such civilisation as the place has to offer," making out thereby that the author is no mere observer of dreaming spires but a poet, and therefore of Cambridge.

All the more reasonable that our first encounter should be on Putney Hill, meeting "almost a dwarf, almost a gnome, with a huge bald forehead, a shapeless black hat perched thereon, a smooth face, an attenuated grey-red beard, long neck, champagne-bottle shoulders and tiny feet, and an old rusty overcoat," being of course Algernon Charles Swinburne probably late for lunch, ambling towards the stern reproaches of Watts-Dunton. Which, and because that was thirty years ago, brings back a memory of George Meredith "sitting on Edward Clodd's balcony at Aldeburgh, a rug over his knees and a pile of yellow French novels on the table at his side"; and, because there hadn't been a war then, a first meeting with Rupert Brooke—"he was a freshman and his serenity and beauty made, even at the first casual encounter, such an impression on me as I never received from any other man."

Assuredly as good a way as any other, reminiscing on the road to Devonshire, remembering the songs not among those resurrected by Mr. Noel Coward, and giving this book the title of THE HONEYSUCKLE AND THE BEE (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.). Slowly up a hill past Petersfield, through high thick woods, there to meet a fox face to face, and, considering "his far from vegetarian career," to thoughts on nationalism and the memory of Bonar Law welcoming the first Russian Revolution with

"Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven!"

Turning, for instance, from broodings on the existence of evil to a voice speaking aloud that "even tried to make jokes. 'Think about cricket, for instance . . .'" Or Newbury races, or a game of darts. Yet all the time we hear the voice of a young poet singing—

"Voices from all your altering past came sighing
On the soft Hampshire air."

As J. C. Squire we knew him then; as Sir John Squire he is honoured to-day. His pen has run away with me; I find he has been reviewing his own book. I have only one complaint to make. For all its two hundred and eighty odd pages there is not enough of it. J. C. Squire should be made to earn his title by producing more and more volumes as full of meat as this one, and to go on walking to Devonshire as regularly if necessary. Then, if somebody will kindly index them, posterity will be assured of a feast of good reading.

Reportage at its best is a difficult art—that demands clear thinking, good English, and a discerning eye for "a good story." Without that last essential the reporter's work has all the fresh charm and individuality of a Government White Paper. It is an uninteresting precis and should be treated with the indifference it deserves.

None of this is news to Mr. E. P. Leigh-Bennett, who is a master of this particular art. THE OTHER MAN'S JOB (Allen and Unwin. 10s. 6d.), which I have been reading with considerable interest, is the result of his friendly excursions into a number of activities. Other people's work interests a man who has work of his own with which to compare it, and a lively sense of the drama hidden in apparently humdrum things.

Thames tug-boats, London power-stations, the cause and effect of ten billion movements of man and his machines, racecourses, aerodromes, potato markets, and railway stations; some of them facets of our everyday life, some of them, unfamiliar, but important contributory causes of our comfort.

The London docks have a fascination for most people, but; in Mr. Leigh-Bennett's opinion, not nearly enough. "So sorry, but I was hung up in a traffic block" *should* be but never is, "I was looking at the shipping and forgot all about you" he suggests. And when Mr. Leigh-Bennett goes to look at the shipping he sees a great deal more than the average looker. In a tea warehouse he sees Jim Sullivan, who got £1,000 when Carpentier beat him, working at unloading chests. In the night mail to Crewe, after all the thousands of letters have been sorted, he discusses rugger with one clerk while another reads Thackeray.

The General Post Office strikes him as a likely hunting ground for a good story and for romance itself. He is right, and in his chapter "Gentlemen of Letters" he manages to convey his impressions of it, and of the seemingly superhuman task of sorting, by which a letter addressed to Mr. John Smith, Arijaba, is correctly delivered to Harwich Harbour!

A book to stimulate the imagination about the work-a-day life, written by a man with a heaven-sent gift of inquisitiveness.

Reviewed by
VERNON FANE

"Monday's a Long Day": a Tale Told in the "Office—Bus—Home" Idiom

Part of the fun of this book is that, purporting to be written by a whole-hearted admirer of Felicity it not only satirises the type of woman novelist who treats a well varied love life as necessary experience for her craft, but the whole business of biography writing, until one begins to have fearful suspicions of the biographies of the great and the eminent, hitherto taken more or less on trust.

Felicity Greene, daughter of a Boer war profiteer, and with no qualifications as an author beyond her persistent diary-keeping, became a best-selling writer with her first book, and never looked back. An incurable vulgarity of outlook helped her own undistinguished affairs as material for her novels, and the intimacies of her diary made popular reading. The Greene cult spread, Felicity was "made," and not even the disclosure that her manuscripts were corrected and half re-written by her mousy little husband could shake her security.

All famous people must suffer from spiteful and envious gossip, Mr. Brophy reminds us, and "the tragedy of Felicity's life was that she had never found anyone, brother, husband, lover, or daughter, capable of understanding her or even of responding with a little natural gratitude to the generous outpourings of a noble, loving heart."

Too few satires are written for us to afford to miss one when it comes along. Read this, and thank Mr. Brophy for an evening of sly amusement.

Monday, any schoolboy or office-worker will tell you, is the dreariest day of the week. After a pleasant, lazy Sunday it is both arduous and tiresome, and six o'clock seems a hundred years away as you hang up your hat and coat in the morning and face the work before you. It is an anti-climax, not a fresh start, and more than anything, it is endless.

MONDAY'S A LONG DAY (Duckworth. 7s. 6d.) will have the sympathy of most of its readers from the title page onwards. Incidentally it deserves this, for it is pleasantly told in an "office-bus-home" idiom that we can appreciate and mildly enjoy.

In one small office the Monday with which Miss Marjorie Booth's novel is concerned meant something remarkable for each of its eight workers. The head of the firm, long since established in comfortable retirement in the South of France, had died, and on Monday the office was to be closed as a mark of respect to the old man. The unexpected day of freedom, more exciting and more promising than an extra Sunday, was like a present to them all. Saturday morning was spent by most of them in planning for Monday and examining its possibilities. Monday when it came brought as varied a bag of experiences as eight unremarkable people could well provide.

The manager was well and truly snubbed by his beautiful secretary, an interesting case of virtue, belatedly, triumphant. The switch-board operator made a gramophone record with Gracie Fields, "like those dreams about the Queen coming to tea," and no less enchanted a moment for being due to a technical mistake. The handsome young advertising manager and the new typist fall in love and quarrel. The showroom assistant has influenza, collapses, and wakes in a hospital ward. Even the office boy, hitherto occupied in "building up a very successful outdoor career for himself," and a virtual stranger to the office, is affected by the holiday spirit and runs away from home.

In its way it is a routine novel, but the routine is agreeable and the character drawing never over-strained or unnatural.

FELICITY GREENE (Jonathan Cape. 7s. 6d.), certainly the most amusing book of the week, is "the story of a Success," and it has been written by Mr. John Brophy, with his tongue in his cheek, as an adulatory biography of a mythical woman writer. Mr. Brophy has obviously enjoyed himself thoroughly, and not least in a foreword in which he "is thankful to report that he is still able to invent such characters and situations as he requires for his own and his readers' entertainment."

It is difficult to keep track of all the books that are being inspired by the approaching Coronation ceremonies, but one of the best of these is ROYAL WESTMINSTER AND THE CORONATION (Country Life. 8s. 6d.). As one might expect from these publishers the book is charmingly presented, and the reproduction of the photographs used to illustrate it is excellent.

The first part of the book, and to me the most interesting is an architectural history of the Abbey.

The second part is a summary of the Coronation ceremony as it will take place next month.

BOOKS RECEIVED

LOVAT DICKSON.—BUCHAN'S DAYS: A Modern Guide to Weather Wisdom. By E. L. Hawke. 5s. PETER DAVIES.—THE BELLS OF BASEL. By Louis Aragon. 8s. 6d. ROBERT HALE.—KING ZOG'S ALBANIA. By J. Swire. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. THE DORMOUSE UNDERTAKER. By Frank King. 7s. 6d. A PENNY FOR THE POOR. By Bertolt Brecht. 7s. 6d. MADAGASCAN ADVENTURE. By Glyn Griffith and James Ronca. 7s. 6d. I KEEP MY HEART. By Barbara Hedworth. 7s. 6d. HEINEMANN.—MIDNIGHT ON THE DESERT: A Chapter of Autobiography. By J. B. Priestley. 8s. 6d. PRESENT INDICATIVE. By Noel Coward. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. BORDER LINE. By Patrick Greer. 7s. 6d. THE PORCELAIN FISH. By Harriette R. Campbell. 7s. 6d. HOGARTH PRESS.—THE YEARS. By Virginia Woolf. 8s. 6d. HARRAP.—FURTHER HOWLERS. By Cecil Hunt. 1s. 6d. PERILOUS SANCTUARY. By D. J. Hall. 7s. 6d. HOUGHTON & SCOTT-SNELL.—FORSYTH. By William Wilson. 7s. 6d. HUTCHINSON.—AUSTRALIAN FANTASY. By Dudley Glass. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. JARROLDS.—THE DISSOLUTE YEARS. By Eduard Stucken. 8s. 6d. LONGMANS.—GREY OF FALLODON. By George Macaulay Trevelyan. Illustrated. 16s. BIOGRAPHY OF A FAMILY: Catherine de Medici and Her Children. By Milton Waldman. Illustrated. 16s. ROARING TOWER AND OTHER STORIES. By Stella Gibbons. 7s. 6d. JOHN MURRAY.—AN IRISHMAN AND HIS FAMILY: Lord Morris and Killanin. By Maud Wynne. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. THE GATES OF JERUSALEM. By Jacqueline Cockburn. 7s. 6d. IVOR NICHOLSON & WATSON.—THE DOOR IN THE WALL. By Laurence W. Meynell. 7s. 6d. STANLEY PAUL.—GREAT ASIATIC MYSTERIES. By Charles Low. Illustrated. 18s. PITMAN.—THE BOOK OF THE VAUXHALL. By Harold Jelley. 2s. 6d. RICH & COWAN.—THE DANCE GOES ON. By Louis Golding. 7s. 6d. MARTIN SECKER & WARBURG.—THE TOMATO FIELD. By Stuart Engstrand. 7s. 6d. DEATH WITHOUT BATTLE. By Ludwig Renn. 6s. SIMPKIN MARSHALL.—THE PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION VERSUS THE PHILOSOPHY OF SCIENCE. By Albert Eagle. 5s. S.P.C.K.—WESTMINSTER ABBEY THEN AND NOW. By Arthur E. Henderson. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. WORLD'S WORK LTD.—THE CHRONICLES OF SHARK GOTCH. By A. R. Wetjen. 7s. 6d.

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REPAIRING DUTCH WILLIAM: This statue of William III, completed by Rysbrack in 1736 at a cost of 1,800 guineas, has stood for nearly 200 years in the middle of Queen Street, Bristol, and, as this picture shows, was recently removed from its pedestal—a task of considerable difficulty as it was so solidly built into its foundations. After restoration it will be turned round and re-erected facing Bristol City Centre

"A PAGEANT of KINGS and QUEENS"

By C. E. and M. CARRINGTON

Illustrated by Iris Brooke

(Cambridge University Press)

THIS attractive little book has been written for young readers with the idea of giving them a vision of the continuity of the long line of monarchs who have held the orb and sceptre of England from the time of Athelstan. Though necessarily confined by limitations of space each monarch is presented as a definite portrait, with the salient features of the reign as they affected the King himself. Many interesting details, not known to the average reader, add value to the book, such as the origin of the National Anthem.

"On the night the news reached London that Bonnie Prince Charlie had won a great victory at Prestonpans, and was about to invade England, the King was to attend a musical performance at Drury Lane. The management hastily added a suitable song to the programme. It was set to an old tune and the words consisted mostly of the repetition of a time-honoured expression of loyalty. It was 'God Save the King.'"

The central theme of the authors has been to show, in this Coronation year, that King George VI and Queen Elizabeth will be crowned in Westminster Abbey with the same ceremonial that has been in use for 1,000 years. There will be the presenting of the King to his subjects—the oath taken by the King to govern justly—the Hallowing with the holy oil—the receiving of the Coronation ring—the sword—and the Crown with the words "God crown thee with a crown of Glory"—and then the handing of sceptre and orb—all as it was done at the time of Edward the Confessor. The same order of service has persisted ever since, with some additions.

HERE *ana* THERE

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

H.R.H. The Duke of Kent, President of the Society, will preside at the ninety-fourth Annual Meeting and Display of The Shaftesbury Homes and "Arethusa" Training Ship at the Queen's Hall, Langham Place, W.1. on Thursday April 29th at 3 p.m. The children from the various Homes and Training Ship will give displays. Tickets for reserved seats at 5s. and 2s. 6d. may be obtained from the Headquarters, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

AN UNUSUAL RELIC FOR SALE: This helm, forming part of the funeral achievements of Henry VI which were suspended over his tomb chest in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, is to be sold at Sotheby's on April 15. Over-painted on the fifteenth century floral decoration is the Cross of St. George impaling the arms of the House of Stewart; an addition made in the eighteenth century

History books generally state the mere fact that the Coronation took place but here we have interesting incidents, of little Henry III being crowned with one of his mother's golden "throat collars" and the great Coronation service of Richard II, the full details of which have been preserved in the "Liber Regalis," now in Westminster Abbey library. No wonder the boy-King was tired out with the long elaborate service of which he was the chief figure.

Miss Iris Brooke has enriched this Pageant of Kings and Queens with many pen drawings which will add greatly to the interest and pleasure of the young readers.

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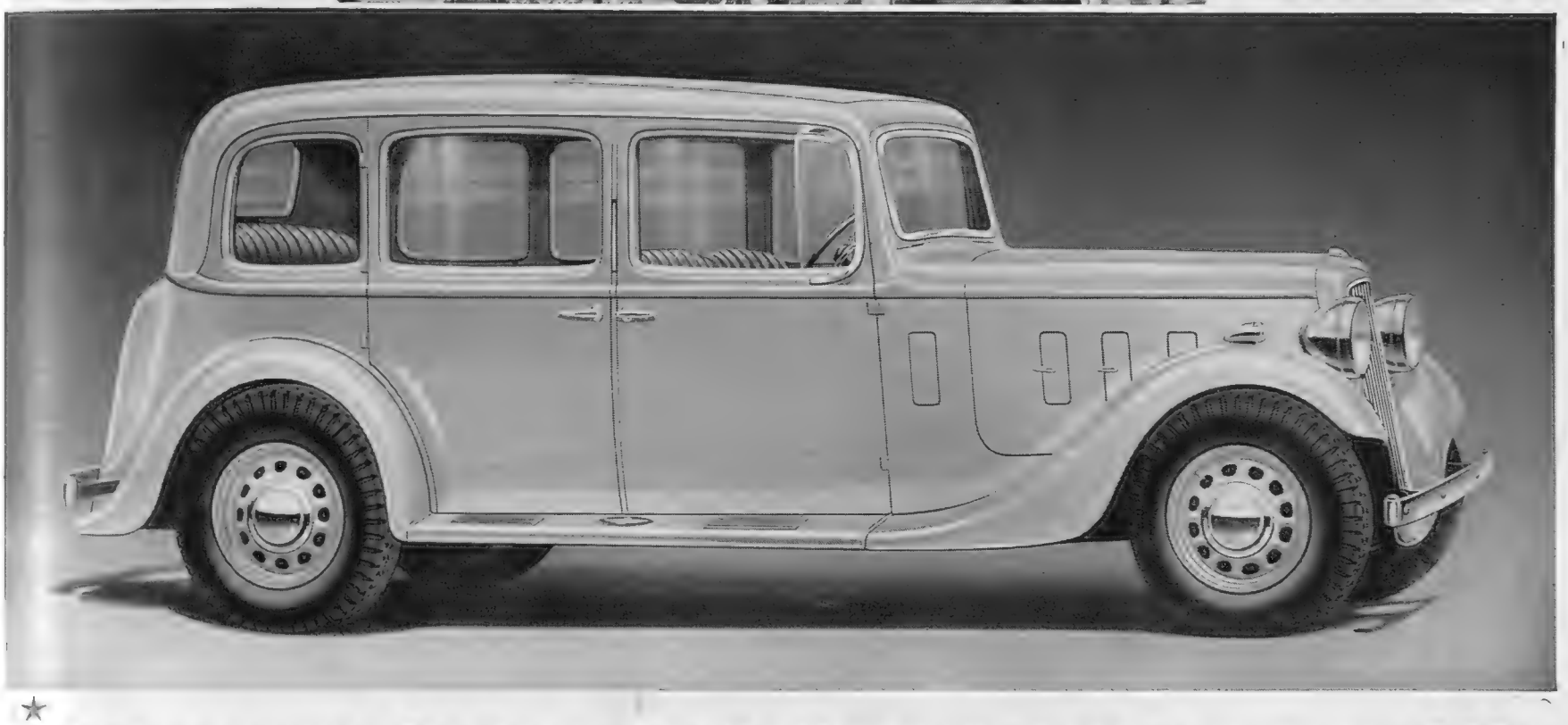

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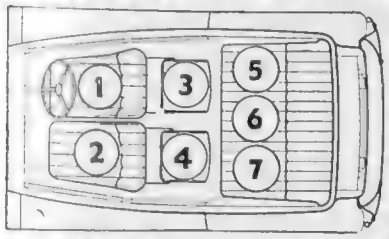

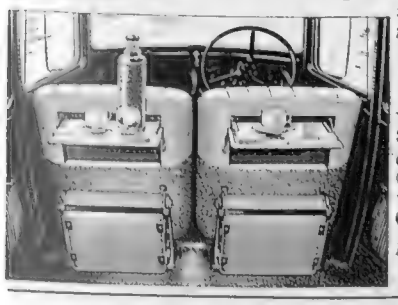

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THE SAMARITAN COLUMN: A line of new motor-cycle road service outfits taken over from the manufacturers by the Automobile Association to deal with the Coronation touring traffic which is expected to break all records

A SAFER EASTER ON THE ROADS

The First Holiday of the Year has been Notable for its Low Accident Record

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

DURING the past week I have read in many daily papers that the number of accidents that took place during the Easter holidays was much less than at the same time last year. This was attributed to the fact that the police now in many counties and districts have adopted the motto "Persuasion rather than persecution." The idea apparently is that motorists, realising that the police have altered their tactics, have in their turn decided to respond to the gesture and be more polite, more courteous, and drive more skilfully than before. How any responsible paper can print such nonsense baffles me. One would think that the average motorist has in the past endeavoured to run down pedestrians, cyclists, and sometimes his own fellow motorists in order to get his own back at the man in blue. If there have been fewer accidents than usual during the recent Easter holidays, I say that the reason is because there were fewer people on the road, and those that did venture out in the icy atmosphere contented themselves in driving a shorter distance than they would usually do at holiday times. The dry state of the roads in most districts would also account for a reduction in the number of accidents.

The average motorist throughout his life and also when he buys a new car is told quite a lot about service. Manufacturers and motor traders do give service and in most cases this service is excellent, and indeed without it it is doubtful if the number of new cars sold would be so large. It rather amazes me, however, that at times when the call for service is most likely to be intense many of our best known service stations are closed. How many manufacturers keep their service stations open during a Bank Holiday week-end or on Sundays? I do not pretend to be acquainted with the policy of all manufacturers in this respect, but I do not think I am far wrong in stating that very few indeed can do anything to repair a car that breaks down during any of the well-known holiday week-ends. To me a service station should never shut, and I rather feel that the manufacturer and the agent who could advertise that the facilities were always available would reap a rich reward.

The service depots run by agents and situated on or near our main roads certainly do give better service than the manufacturers, judged solely by this question of being available at week-ends and also during the late evenings. Of course, if car manufacturers could only guarantee their products would not break down from Saturday afternoon until Monday morning my criticism would not arise.

Although at the time of writing we have not yet emerged from the ice-age there can be no doubt but that the warm days of spring are not far off. In fact, before these words of mine appear in print we may have indulged in some sun-bathing on the seashore. Realising, therefore, that the motor car of the family man is now about to be called upon to cover a far greater mileage per month than was the case during the winter, I seriously suggest that the owner, if he has not already done so, should consult his motor car agent and get advice as to whether the car should have an overhaul even if only just a simple decarbonisation of the engine. At this time an owner probably will not miss his car so much for a few days as would be the case when the nice days I have been talking about duly arrive. We shall shortly leave behind us the period when frosts had to be guarded against and we can, therefore, dispense, when that time comes round, with radiator muffs, anti-freezing mixtures, and heating arrangements in the home garage. An owner, of course, must not assume that the fine days have arrived when we are given just a sample of spring weather here and there. Unless the owner is an expert it is advisable to consult one's local agent and my experience is that to-day the local agent is a very different person from what he was eight or nine years ago. His advice is usually sound and is not generally

(Continued on page 86)

CRAFTSMANSHIP: One of the latest Hillman Hawks fitted with a 21-h.p. 6-cylinder engine standing beside the beautifully wrought gates of the gardens in Lincoln's Inn. The Hillman 6 cylinder programme for the coming season reveals continuity of well-tried models, among which are the Sixteen, Hawk, and "80"

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A copy of the Centenary Catalogue sent post free on request will indicate the scope of the organisation

A SAFER EASTER ON THE ROADS

(Continued from page 84)

prompted by the desire to find a job just for the moment. Having once got a customer he is obviously not going to run the risk of losing him or her just to make a profit on an unnecessary job.

At the beginning of these notes I referred to the new motto of the police so far as motorists are concerned. I think most of us are convinced that this change of attitude is definitely to the good and what perhaps is even more important this new policy is not just a pious expression but one that is taken very seriously by the authorities. As evidence of this fact, it is more or less common knowledge that the Earl of Cottenham is at present very busily engaged at the Hendon Police College instructing the Mobile Patrols in all subjects that appertain to good, safe, and speedy driving. When my friend, Major Frank Bale, and myself started the Order of the Road almost ten years ago the first person we approached to come on the committee to help us to start the organisation was Lord Cottenham, for we realised that he had the interests of road safety at heart, had valuable experience, and possessed the energy of youth as well as the sagacity of years. The Police authorities could have chosen no one better qualified and it is naturally a source of great gratification to the committee of the Order of the Road that one of its members has been chosen for this highly important position.

All right thinking motorists, who have the interests of road safety uppermost in their minds, have always been of the opinion that much could be done to reduce the appalling casualty list of the road if only the Mobile Patrols could distinguish straight away the difference between good and bad driving. Up to now they have usually relied on the question of speed to determine whether a driver is behaving in a dangerous manner or not. As very few of them were possessed of any extensive road experience it was difficult for us to see how they could pick out the dangerous driver who frequently does not indulge in excessive speed. This is one of the jobs Lord Cottenham is at present engaged upon, and I have every confidence that those members of the force who pass through his hands will emerge well fitted to pull up the dangerous driver who perhaps is only going at 20 m.p.h. in a 30 m.p.h. limit, admonish him, and point out to him where his driving is at fault.

I am quite convinced that many drivers habitually pass cars in front on bends and thereby create a potential danger without ever realising that they are doing something which is radically wrong. It may be that in some instances their judgment is at fault. I expect many of us have noticed on occasions how some drivers in front appear incapable of judging when they overtake where an approaching car will be at the moment when they are abreast of the car which they wish to pass. In this respect I think I can truthfully say that drivers who make this faulty judgment are seldom if ever women.

I hope one of the points which Lord Cottenham is instilling into his patrols is the necessity of making all drivers keep as near to the left-hand side of the road as possible, because slow drivers who stick to the middle of the road create a dangerous atmosphere all round them. I know that Lord Cottenham is working extremely hard and is carrying out his task with his usual thoroughness and sincerity and I am, therefore, quite sure that the result of his labours will be an army of experienced patrols who will know their job and will not consider that speed alone is the criterion of dangerous driving.

A NOVEL HOLIDAY: Three British motorists in a four-speed gear-box Morris Fourteen have just completed a 2,700 miles sight-seeing tour of Northern Algeria and the Sahara in sixteen days. They found that they could not only do the trip comfortably, but that it is well within the capabilities of the average man who wishes to enjoy a different kind of motoring holiday. The car is seen standing by some native huts near Boukhalfa

On Monday, March 22, several thousand employees of Vauxhall Motors Limited received their share of the profits made by the company during 1936. The actual sum distributed was £77,559, an amount which is equal to a dividend of over 6 per cent. on each employee's earnings during the past year. Actually, the average amount received by an employee was £12 13s. 9d. a bonus which amounts to approximately three weeks' wages. When the distribution was made Mr. C. J. Bartlett, the Managing Director, made an important announcement. He stated that the works at Luton closed down for the first week in August and that all employees will be paid for that week's holiday at their standard hourly rate. From what I can learn the Vauxhall directors have adopted the policy of doing everything possible to help their employees, and the employees in their turn appear to be co-operating in such a manner that the Vauxhall works gives one the impression of being the home of one large contented family.

I have received information that the extensions to the Morris engine factory at Coventry are approaching completion. The main Morris engine factory occupies a site in the centre of Coventry which is mainly composed of multi-storey buildings. A site of 45 acres on the outskirts of the city, purchased some years ago, is now being developed. The new buildings will facilitate the assembly, testing, and despatch of engines to the other Morris factories and, although employment has increased by 40 per cent. since 1935, this percentage will be much greater when the present extensions are finished.

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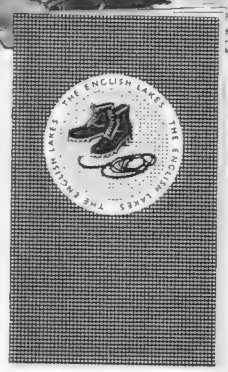

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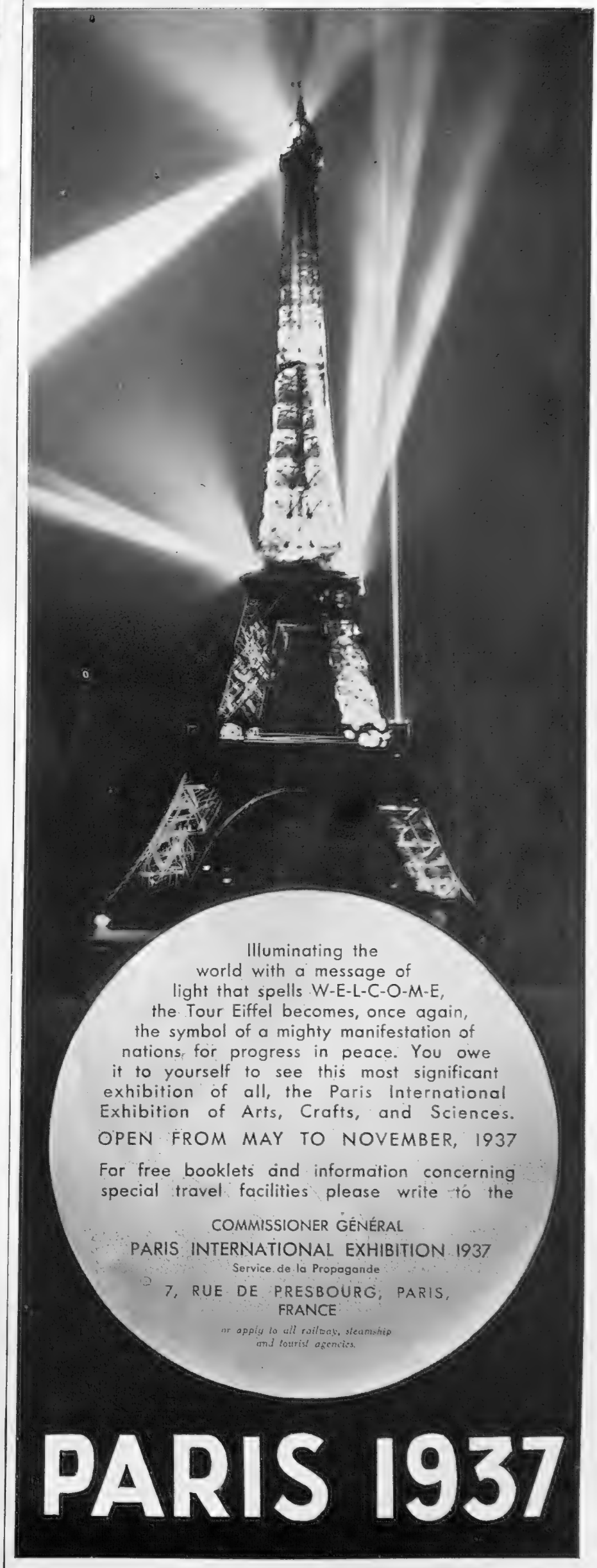

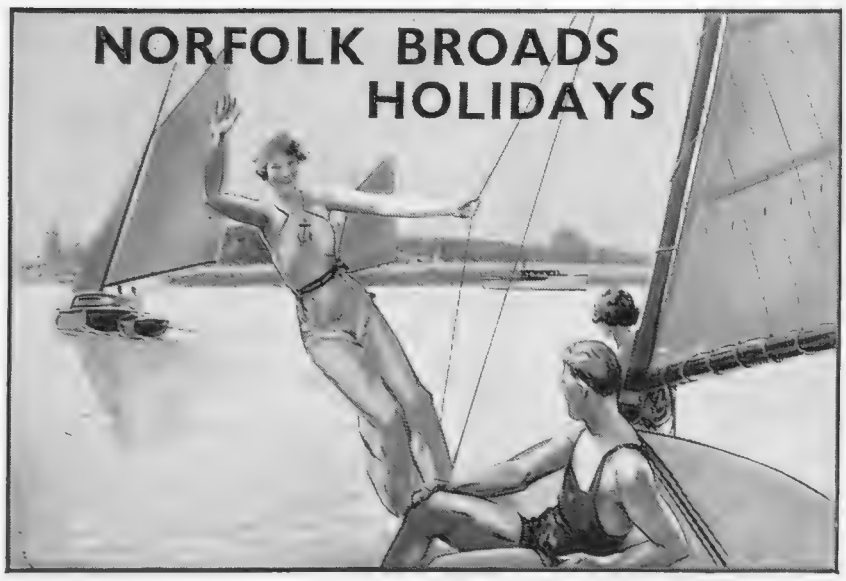

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Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 511.
Northumberland.—Otterburn Hall Hotel.
Reading.—Upcross Hotel. (Thames two miles.)
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Seaton (Devon).—Royal Clarence Hotel. Tel. 15.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Royal Glen Hotel. Tel. 221.
Southport.—Prince of Wales Hotel.
Southport.—Royal Hotel.
Southport.—Waverley Hotel Ltd., Promenade.
Streatley-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671
Torquay.—Hydro Hotel, Daddyhole Plain
Torquay.—Park Hall Hotel.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—Spa Hotel.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Wheatley, Oxford.—Brimpton Grange Hotel.
Worthing.—Ferring Grange Hotel.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Huntingdon (68½).—Old Bridge Hotel.
Sutton-on-Trent (133½).—Old England Hotel

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel.—Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 14
Cadogan Hotel, Sloane Street, S.W.1.
De Vere Hotel, W.8. West 0051.
Southdown Hall Hotel, The Downs, Wimbledo

SCOTLAND

Strathpeffer.—Highland Hotel.

WALES

Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Tel. 6206.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Newcastle (Co. Down).—Slieve Donard Hotel
Rostrevor (Co. Down).—Great N. (Rly) Hotel

IRISH FREE STATE

Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore (Co. Louth).—Great N. (Rly) Hotel
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—Bree's Royal Hotel. Tel. Jersey 8.
Jersey.—Bonne Nuit Chalet Hotel.
Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.
Guernsey.—Old Government Hse. Htl. Tel. 4
Guernsey.—Gardener's Royal Htl. Tel. G'sey

TRAVEL NOTES FROM NEAR AND FAR

The Crossing from Marseilles to Oran Shortened by Six Hours—Facilities for Sport in the Belgian Ardennes—Solving the Problem of Getting Home after the Coronation—The Attractions of Sardinia

SPRING COMES TO HEIDELBERG: Blossom-time in south Germany's historic university city

NORTH AFRICA.—By the entry into service of the new steamer, *Ville d'Oran*, which is a sister-ship of the also new *Ville d'Alger*, the crossing from Marseilles to Oran has been shortened by over six hours. The crossing now takes only 25½ hours, and it has been made possible to lunch in London to-day and two days hence to be drinking one's coffee under the palms of a Saharan oasis. Special reductions, too, are being made this year for those who intend to make a minimum stay of five days in North Africa. In addition, the French railway companies are making a reduction of 40 per cent. on the fares of people travelling under these conditions. French Africa, with its tremendous Roman ruins dating from the time when the Empire's corn supply was mainly drawn from this country and the peony covered slopes of the Atlas Mountains, requires no encomium. The improvement in the already good transport facilities should bring many visitors to its shores this year.

The Ardennes.—It comes as a surprise to some to hear that so close as Belgian forests where wild boars still abound can be reached after only a few hours' journey from London. The Ardennes have much to offer. There is excellent rock-climbing, one can explore by boat the marvellous grottoes of Han into which the River Lesse, a tributary of the Meuse, pours its waters under the Styx Bridge through the "Canopied Chamber" with myriad stalactites. And there is always Spa with its baths, golf, magnificent lake, and attractions from concerts to the Grand Prix of Belgium, which draws the best racing drivers in Europe. The recent visit of the King of the Belgians will have put many people in mind of the convenient closeness of his country as a place for holidays. The Belgian seaside resorts are already firm favourites with English visitors; the original "Spa" and its surroundings should provide a pleasant change for those who are familiar with the coast.

Coronation Sailings.—Many of the shipping lines are making provision for those leaving this country after the Coronation and the special trips which have been arranged for the occasion. Most notable among these is perhaps that of the *Normandie* which Leviathan has lately been in the limelight after winning the Blue Riband of the Atlantic. In order to enable her passengers to take part in the Coronation festivities, the sailing of the *Normandie* has been postponed for 24 hours and the Boat-train from London will not leave on May 13. Delay in arrival at New York will be avoided through the extraordinary speed of the passage, only just over 4 days. While speaking of the French Line, it is interesting to hear that the *De Grasse*, after so complete a refitting that she may almost be described as "new," is being put into commission again. She is a particularly luxurious boat, and her sailings, starting from Southampton on May 29, inaugurate a series of calls at Cobh in Ireland on the way to Boston and New York. In providing this direct service to the United States from Ireland the French Line only emphasises the already powerful ties that bind those countries.

Corsica's Big Sister.—Though Corsica was Napoleon's birthplace, and is chiefly remembered as such, it is sometimes forgotten that Sardinia is the burial-place of Garibaldi who, as the Liberator of modern Italy, may, in the event, have initiated a series of happenings almost as important in world history as the achievements of the great Corsican. Not so frequented by visitors as Corsica, the island, with its savage countryside and picturesque peasantry, will be found most interesting to those who like something a little off the beaten track of tourist routes. It is easily reached from Genoa, Leghorn, Bastia, or Naples by sea, and six times a week air services ply to and fro from the port of Rome, Ostia. With its Greek, Roman, Carthaginian, and Aragonese remains (for over a considerable period the island belonged to the crown of Naples and Sicily) Sardinia holds much to attract the antiquarian. The numerous evidences, too, of the strides forward in modern development and hygiene being made under Signor Mussolini's rule provide an interesting sidelight on what is being achieved in this outpost of Italy.

SORRENTO BY THE SEA: One of the many delightful resorts in the vicinity of Naples; its charm on a par with famed Capri. It lies amidst luxuriant lemon and orange gardens on a tufa rock 160 ft. sheer above the water and is bounded on both sides by ravines

RISE OF THE PARIS INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION: Some of the buildings in course of erection for the great industrial display which will draw thousands of business men and holidaymakers to the French capital during the late spring, summer, and autumn. A view taken from the second platform of the Eiffel Tower

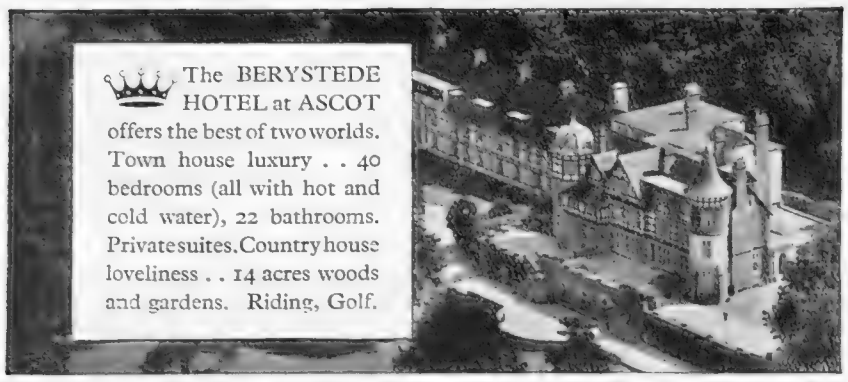
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

The following is a selection from recent replies sent to readers who have addressed queries to "The Sbhere" Travel Bureau. Every letter is answered individually, and we publish these particular examples as being of interest to prospective travellers generally.

The Black Forest.—As you are crossing from England via Harwich to the Hook, we think your best plan would be to make for Cologne – Coblenz – Bingen – Ludwigshafen down to Karlsruhe not omitting Heidelberg. Karlsruhe is the beginning of the Black Forest proper, and thence we suggest you make for Rastatt and Baden-Baden to Freiburg, passing through Wildbad, Freudenstadt, and Homberg on the way. Then take the main road to Lake Constance via Titisee – Uberling – Friedrichshafen–Lindau. The above route will take you through very picturesque and varied scenery, and the journey from Lindau to Innsbruck needs no recommendation. There is an excellent motoring road via Bregenz to Innsbruck which you might like to make your centre. As regards hotels, you do not say what type you like, but we enclose a list of comfortable hotels for Germany and lists of hotels for Austria from which you can make a selection. As you are probably aware, even the small hotels are scrupulously clean and really quite comfortable, so that is merely a question of personal taste. Do not forget to obtain your registered marks before you go.

The Pyrenees.—Pau is really the best centre for the Pyrenees, and is to be preferred for elderly people. We enclose a list of hotels of various classes. There are really superb views of the mountains from Pau and there are some splendid drives over the surrounding countryside. As your mother is interested in wild flowers, we would suggest the end of May or the beginning of June as the best times for a visit, when the flowers are at their best.

The French Riviera.—We think the Eden Hotel at Cap d'Ail would suit you very well, although it is not a small hotel as there are 200 bedrooms, but in every other respect it fulfils your requirements. We do not think you would find it at all noisy as it stands in its own grounds. The only other hotel we can suggest is the Riviera Palace at Menton, which also has its own grounds.



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is to be enjoyed at its best at Bramley Grange—a beautiful country house with 30 acres of grounds and gardens. The countryside will soon be bursting into bloom—an added charm to the many social and sporting amenities available. Bramley Golf Club (18 holes) adjoining Hotel grounds. Ten minutes by bus to Guildford—40 minutes from there by train to London. Bridge Hostess—free instruction to Residents. Own covered Squash Court, Hard Tennis Court, and Billiard Room. Very moderate inclusive terms. Illustrated literature with pleasure.

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In Quest of

Droitwich Concentrates Her Energies Enjoys To-day a Practically

WHEN the other day I announced my intention of collecting my new car from its birthplace—Birmingham, I had three objectives: (i) To save the delivery charge ex-works. (ii) To superintend myself those essential first 500 miles of toddling. (iii) To enable me to visit leisurely Droitwich Spa of which I had heard so much, but knew so little.

Droitwich lies only 19 miles from Birmingham on the main Birmingham-Bristol road. "A deadly sort of place," my young know-all Oxford graduate friend told me, so I was prepared for the worst . . . but found the best. Admitted there was no evidence of the side-shows in which so many of our Spas indulge—dances, municipal orchestras, theatres and so on. Droitwich has concentrated her whole energies on one task—the relief and cure of rheumatism by means of the natural brine water with which Nature has so richly endowed her. And that her policy has been successful is proved by the fact that Droitwich to-day enjoys practically an all-the-year round season. Whilst many of our British Spas have little to do in March but discuss the prospects for the coming season, Droitwich, as far as I could judge from my observations, was more than half full.

At the Worcestershire Brine Baths Hotel there were, when I was there, over seventy in the house. There were over fifty in another hotel, thirty to forty in others. Whilst the proprietor of one extremely nice guest house I visited begged me not to divulge her name, as she was always full up.

For such a compact little town, Droitwich is extremely well provided with good hotels to suit varying pockets. If you want the modern style in furnishings and decorations, extremely good Continental cooking, and all the attributes of the de luxe hotel, the Norbury House Hotel would appeal to you. I myself happened to stay at the Worcestershire Brine Baths Hotel, and I could not want for anything better in accommodation and attention.

With a "black and white" exterior, the hotel is most attractive without, and is equally inviting as one steps inside. Carpets soft to the tread are the first indication of comfortable luxury. Wide white enamelled corridors make for spaciousness, yet there is no sense of coldness. The public rooms were bright and furnished with regard to comfort. Nowhere was there anything which could offend the eye or disturb the nostrils. An important point when twinges of rheumatism are doing their best to make life seem far from pleasant!

I felt that the directors of the Worcestershire Brine Baths Hotel must have definitely pursued a policy of ensuring that nothing *should* irritate their visitors, most of whom are on

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delightfully perched on the water's edge and very comfortable. Own private pier. Craft of all kinds for hire.

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Good Hotels

y ASHLEY COURTENAY

n One Task and, as a Result,

ll the Year Round Season

"cure" bent. The bedrooms are deliberately varied. If you prefer the old style of brass bedstead and mahogany wardrobe to the more modern style of bedroom furnishing, there's the choice. You can choose between, gas, coal, or electric fires. Then, if you hate green as a colour scheme, you can select blue, pink, or some other colour, always provided you make your choice early enough. One thing you can be certain of in every room—restful lights, basins big enough to get your head in, and instant service if you ring the bell.

The staff is all-British. The cooking and food are essentially English, even though fashion dictates menus in French. And if you are inclined to look upon fish dishes as "suspect" in some hotels, you need have no qualms here, for the directors own their own fishing fleet, and supplies come up daily from Billingsgate. And one further point; it is scrupulously clean behind the scenes—in the kitchens. In fact one is invited to walk in at any time.

With the brine baths next door on one side and a streetful of doctors on the other, the Worcestershire Brine Baths Hotel could not be more strategically placed for those taking the "cure."

Amongst other first-class hotels at Droitwich are the Raven and the Park. I had the opportunity of going over the former and can well understand its popularity. A part of the hotel was at one time the old Manor House of Wyche, and with extensive modern additions you can have the choice of old beams, mind-your-head lintels, and perhaps a ghost! or one of the many modern rooms looking out on to the lovely gardens of the Raven which must be a picture in spring and autumn.

Certainly my impressions of Droitwich were the reverse of a dead and alive place except that I had evidence of how her brine baths restore the almost dead to real life. Certainly I shall look forward to paying Droitwich a return visit. May it not be one of necessity with rheumatism goading me, but with the objective of making Droitwich a centre, for within a radius of 30 miles there is much of scenic beauty and historic interest, including Worcester, Stratford, the Malverns, Shrewsbury, and Evesham.

No. I should never be dull with Droitwich as a centre, nor should I lack for comfort with so many first-class hotels.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels both large and small known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor of THE SPHERE, *32, St. Bride Street, London, E.C. 4.*

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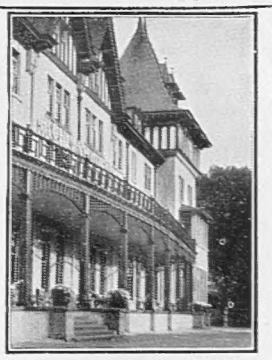

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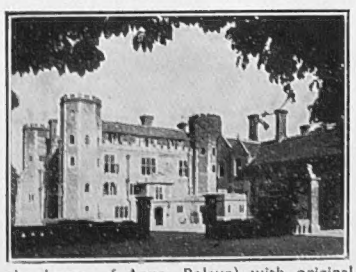

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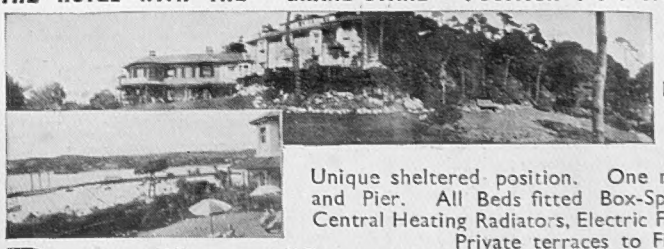

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THE DOWNS WIMBLEDON

PLAYS OF TO-DAY : By Philip Page

(Continued from p. 73)

Dr. Vaughan Williams' "Flourish for a Coronation" has plenty of inspiration about it, and therefore differs from many works, poetical as well as musical, that are specially composed. I do not for a moment suggest that William Walton's "Belshazzar's Feast" has inspired it; but both proceed at a cheery *fortissimo*, rising at times to a very deuce of a din, and both are "a happy noise to hear."

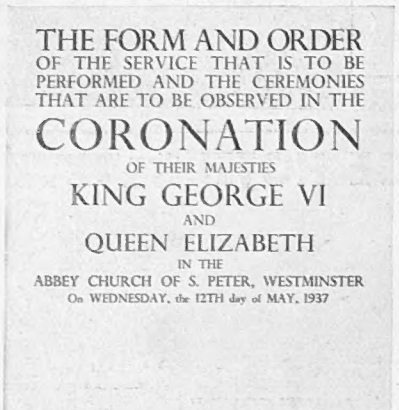
This "Flourish," in which full orchestra, organ, and chorus are used for declamations from the Old Testament, is immensely dignified and dramatic. To me it really did suggest kings—kings of medieval days, wearing armour and hitting other kings on the head with a battle axe, heraldic banner floating in the breeze, pursuivants, and a real dragon or two waiting round the corner. The description may be flamboyant but this is essentially a flamboyant production, which I should like to see staged in pageant fashion. Expert musicians will rejoice in its learning as well as in its intrinsic beauty and also in the brilliant modern treatment of themes with an ancient flavour.

This was an all-British evening, and showed indeed that "Todgers' can do it." The early Delius suite, "Florida," sounded a little weak compared with the robustious "Flourish," though, of course, being Delius, exquisitely tender. But the "First Symphony" of Elgar finished the evening on a note of sturdy triumph.

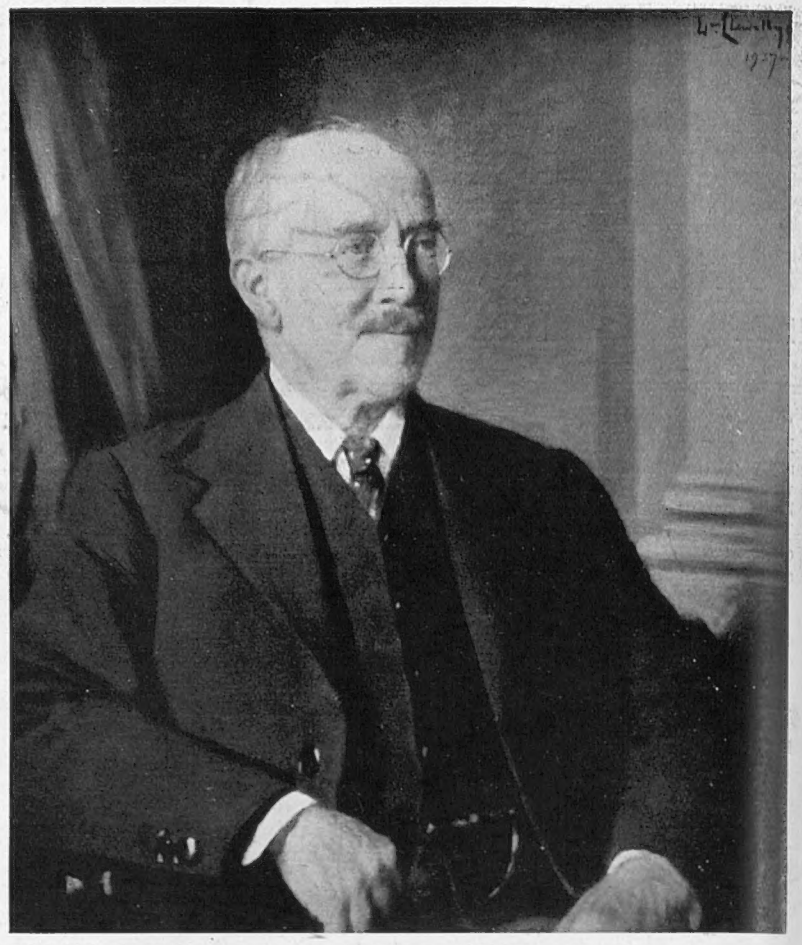
"The Magic Flute."—Grand opera at Covent Garden is looming very near. Meanwhile opera, not quite so grand, but very good, continues at Sadler's Wells, where *The Magic Flute* has just been revived with new scenery. The performance proved that an adequate representation of Mozart is not, as some people seem to think it is nowadays, the exclusive prerogative of Glyndebourne. The wilds of Islington can provide the operatic Mozart just as satisfactorily as the wilds of Sussex, and are a good deal more accessible; even if there is not much suggestion of a country lane about Rosebery Avenue, the garden of Myddelton Square is truly rural.

Mr. Powell Lloyd's new scenery and costumes are just what are required, for they are bright and fantastic. Because *The Magic Flute* has a connection with freemasonry, the solemn ritual of masonic temples has in the past been apt to reflect itself on the scenic treatment, with the result that what should have been slightly ironic has been heavy and pompous. Mr. Lloyd sometimes dodges the issue altogether by using front curtains; but on the whole his is a highly successful solution of a most difficult problem.

As to the singing, Miss Joan Cross' Pamina will bear comparison anywhere, whether at Glyndebourne or in Germany. She is the ideal Mozart singer. Mr. Francis Russell made an excellent Tamino. Mr. Harry Brindle's vast and sonorous tones rolled round the theatre and would have rolled with equal effect round a theatre four times the size, a sure indication of vocal quality.



JUST OUT: The frontispiece of the official edition of the book giving the Form and Order of the Coronation published by Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode. It is priced at 2s. 6d. in the paper cover edition and 3s. 6d. bound in cloth boards



BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY: Sir William Llewellyn's portrait of Mr. G. H. Nisbett, Managing Director of British Insulated Cables, Ltd.

An interesting ceremony took place in Liverpool on April 2 when, at the Annual Meeting of British Insulated Cables, Ltd., the shareholders presented for the custody of the Board, a portrait of Mr. George H. Nisbett, M.Eng., the managing director of the company, painted by Sir William Llewellyn, President of the Royal Academy. In accepting the portrait Sir Alexander Roger, chairman of the company, paid a high tribute to Mr. Nisbett's great and outstanding services to the company during the last forty-three years, and more particularly in its developments in recent years. Mr. Nisbett, he said, had also taken an active part in the inception and working of the Cable Makers' Association, which was proving a great benefit to the industry

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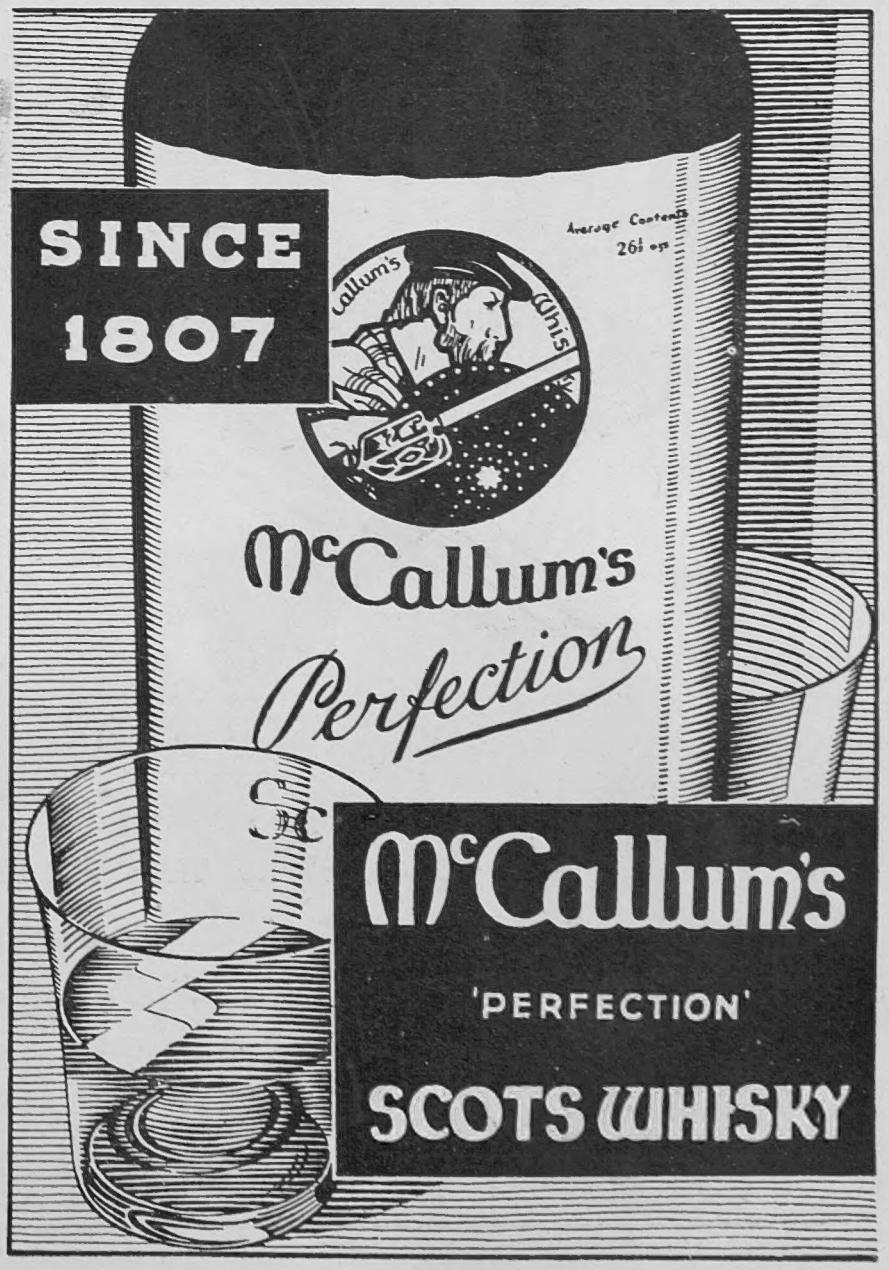

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